

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 522 (NEW SERIES 132) DEC., 1907

CONTENTS

THE REVISION OF THE VULGATE. II.

By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith 561

THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY.....*By F. F. Urquhart* 576

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION
AND CARDINAL NEWMAN: Their Careers. I.

By the Rev. Thomas Wright 588

CAELESTIS URBS.....*By Jan de Geolac* 598

LATENT CATHOLICISM IN CERTAIN OXFORD WRITERS.

By Thomas Dale 606

SOME OTHER CHRISTMASES.....*By Gilberte Turner* 613

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND THE HOLY GRAIL.

By the Rev. Herbert Thurston 617

A HALF-HOUR IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

By James Dwyer 633

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM..... 638

A Page of Secret History.

Herbert Spencer amongst the Prophets.

The Worship due to Images.

REVIEWS 643

SHORT NOTICES 653

MAGAZINES 663

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
LONDON & ONE SHILLING

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.

PSYCHOLOGY:

Empirical and Rational.

BY

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., D.Lit.; M.A. LOND.

SIXTH EDITION.

(FOURTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH THOUSAND.)

PRICE 6s. 6d.

1. **Logic.** By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J., formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford. Second Edition. Price 5s.
 2. **First Principles of Knowledge.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J., late Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.
 3. **Moral Philosophy (Ethics and Natural Law).** By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., M.A. Lond.; late Professor of Ethics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Third Edition. Price 5s.
 4. **Natural Theology.** By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. Second Edition. Price 6s. 6d.
 6. **General Metaphysics.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Second Edition. Price 5s.
 7. **Political Economy.** By CHARLES S. DEVAS, M.A. Oxon. Sometime Examiner in Political Economy at the Royal University of Ireland. Third Edition. Revised and Enlarged. (Seventh to Ninth Thousand). Price 7s. 6d.
-

LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., London, New York, and Bombay.





MEDITATION BOOKS.

BY THE REV. R. F. CLARKE, S.J.

Price One Penny in wrapper; in cloth, gilt lettered, 4d.

Meditations for Advent.

The Great Truths. Short Meditations for December.

The Holy Infancy. Meditations from Christmas to the Feast of Our Lady's Espousals.

The Hidden Life. Meditations from the Feast of Our Lady's Espousals to Shrove Tuesday.

The Sacred Passion. Short Meditations for Lent.

A Little Book for Holy Week. Meditations and Readings from Palm Sunday to Easter.

St. Joseph. Short Meditations for the Month of March.

Resurrexit. Meditations from Easter to the Ascension.

Maria Magnificata. Meditations for a Month on Our Lady's Life.

Humility. Thirty Short Meditations.

Faith and Hope. Meditations for a Month.

Charity. Meditations for a Month.

Patience. Meditations for a Month.

Prayer. Meditations for a Month.

The Weekly Communicant. In two parts. 1d. each; together, 2d.; cloth, 6d.

Our Father. Meditations for a Month on the Lord's Prayer.

Hail Mary. Meditations for a Month on the Angelical Salutation.

LONDON: CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

Ready shortly

Fifth and cheaper Edition of **THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEWEST ANSWER**

BY

JOHN GERARD, S.J., F.L.S.

PRICE SIXPENCE

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., London, New York, and Bombay

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

EDITED BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

1. **The Spanish Inquisition.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
2. **The False Decretals.** By the Rev. RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J. 1d.
3. **Cranmer and Anne Boleyn.** By the Rev. JOSEPH STEVENSON, S.J. 2d.
4. **The Pallium.** By the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 2d.
5. **The Immuring of Nuns.** By the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 1d.
6. **The Huguenots.** By the Rev. WILLIAM LOUGHNAN, S.J. 1d.
7. **How "the Church of England washed her Face."** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
8. **St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572.** By the Rev. WILLIAM LOUGHNAN, S.J. 1d.
9. **The Rood of Boxley, or How a Lie Grows.** By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 3d.
10. **The First Experiment in Civil and Religious Liberty.** By JAMES CARMONT. 1d.
11. **Was St. Aidan an Anglican?** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
12. **The Gordon Riots.** By LIONEL JOHNSON, B.A. 1d.
13. **The Great Schism of the West.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 2d.
14. **Rome's Witness against Anglican Orders.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 2d.

EDITED BY THE REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

15. **The Book of Common Prayer and the Mass.** By the Rev. R. C. LAING. 1d.
 16. **Religious Instruction in England during the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.** By DOM FRANCIS AIDAN GASQUET, O.S.B. 2d.
 17. **England's Title: Our Lady's Dowry: Its History and Meaning.** By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 1d.
 18. **Dr. Littledale's Theory of the Disappearance of the Papacy.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 2d.
 19. **Dean Farrar on the Observance of Good Friday.** By the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 1d.
 20. **Savonarola and the Reformation.** By the Very Rev. J. PROCTER, O.P. 3d.
 21. **Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln.** By Mgr. W. CROKE ROBINSON. 2d.
 22. **The English Coronation Oath.** By the Rev. T. E. BRIDGETT, C.S.S.R. 1d.
 23. **Blessed Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland.** By the Rev. G. E. PHILLIPS. 3d.
 24. **The Landing of St. Augustine.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
 25. **The Hungarian Confession.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.
 26. **The Reformation at St. Martin's, Leicester.** By DUDLEY BAXTER, B.A. 1d.
- The above in five volumes, cloth, price 1s. each.*
27. **Luther and Tetzl.** By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. 1d.

LONDON: CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, 69, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

QUARTERLY SERIES.

BIOGRAPHIES.

- The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier.** By the REV. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J. Two Vols. 10s. 6d.
- The Life of St. John Berchmans.** By the Rev. F. Goldie, S.J. Fifth Edition. 6s.
- The Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka.** Third and enlarged Edition. 4s. 6d.
- The Life of St. Alonso Rodriguez.** By the Rev. Father GOLDIE, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- The Life of St. Francis di Geronimo,** of the Society of Jesus. By A. M. CLARKE. 6s.
- The Life of St. Francis Borgia.** By A. M. CLARKE, author of *The Life of St. Francis di Geronimo*. The first Life of the Saint written in English. 6s. 6d.
- The Life of Blessed Antony Baldinucci.** By Father FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J. 6s.
- The Life and Letters of St. Teresa.** Three vols. By the Rev. H. J. COLERIDGE, S.J. 7s. 6d. each.
- The Life of the Ven. Claude de la Colombiere.** Abridged from the French Life by EUGENE SEQUIN, S.J. 5s.
- The Life of St. Thomas of Hereford.** By Father L'ESTRANGE, S.J. 6s.
- The Life of St. Bridget of Sweden.** By F. J. M. A. PARTRIDGE. 6s.
- Acts of English Martyrs,** hitherto unpublished. By the Rev. JOHN H. POLLEN, S.J. With a Preface by the Rev. JOHN MORRIS, S.J. 7s. 6d.
- The Life of Augustus Henry Law,** Priest of the Society of Jesus. By ELLIS SCHREIBER. 6s.
- Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century.** By the Rev. EDMUND HOGAN, S.J. 6s.
- Life of the Reverend Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier,** first Superior General of the Congregation of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers. By A. M. CLARKE. 6s.
- The Story of Mary Aikenhead.** Foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity. By MARIA NETHERCOTT. 3s.
- The Life of the Blessed Master John of Avila.** Secular Priest, called the Apostle of Andalusia. By Father LONGARO DEGLI ODDI, of the Society of Jesus. Edited by J. G. MACLEOD, S.J. Translated from the Italian. 4s.
- The Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln.** (With Portrait.) Translated from the French Carthusian Life, and Edited, with large additions, by the Rev. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. 10s. 6d.

London: Burns and Oates (Limited), 28, Orchard Street, W.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE OLD RIDDLE
AND THE NEWEST
ANSWER

BY

JOHN GERARD, S.J., F.L.S.

An enquiry how far Modern Science has altered the aspect of
the problem of the Universe.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

This edition has again been thoroughly revised, and some new matter appended which bears on various points raised in the original volume, especially the establishment of the important group of the *Cycado-filices*, as affecting the succession of plant life on the earth, and recent evidence concerning the pedigree of the horse.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"One has seldom read a more amusing book than Father Gerard's *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*. The oldest riddle is the question, 'How did the Universe come here and become what it is?' The answers are those of Mr. Darwin and Professor Haeckel. . . . Professor Haeckel, in *The Riddle of the Universe*, at sixpence, goes a great deal further and is much more cocksure than Mr. Darwin or Mr. Huxley, but fails to satisfy Father Gerard. That learned man looks at the logic of the distinguished German, and—'I speak as a fool'—he does appear to pick holes in it."—Mr. Andrew Lang, in *Longmans' Magazine*.

"We thank Father Gerard for a most interesting piece of work. It has qualities sufficiently rare. . . . He misrepresents none of his opponents; garbles no quotations; never mistakes satire for argument; never indulges in abuse; quotes numerous and trustworthy authorities, and has therefore produced a book singularly unlike most members of its class. . . . This is a book to be read."—*The Academy*.

"If there are really any reasoning beings who maintain that Science, even with the biggest of initial capitals, 'explains everything,' this book ought to convince them that they are wrong."—*Morning Post*.

"In this book Father Gerard supplies some very acute criticism of the materialistic Monism associated with Haeckel's '*The Riddle of the Universe*,' which has been so diligently circulated lately. In the work of combating the new aggressions of materialism all Christian bodies can take part; and we are sure all will welcome and find much assistance in the criticisms here offered."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Appearing at a time when so energetic an effort is being made to popularize the other side of the question, a reply so temperate, clear and well-informed deserves a respectful hearing, and is, one would say, sure of it. Armed with this volume, and also the '*Anti-Haeckel*' of Loofs of Halle, recently translated, the perplexed reader of the famous '*Riddle of the Universe*' should be well able to appraise at its proper worth that hasty and specious performance."—*Scotsman*.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, New York, and Bombay.

MANRESA PRESS LIST

For Frequent Communicants

AIDS TO DEVOTION

With PREFACE by W. ROCHE, S.J.

Demy 16mo, wrapper, 3d. post free; limp cloth, 6d. post free

Mariale Novum : A Series of Sonnets on the Titles of our Lady's Litany, by Members of the Society of Jesus. Pott Quarto, pp. x and 128. 3s. 6d. net, art green canvas (postage 3d.). 5s. net, art green leather (postage 3d.).

Pilgrim-Walks in Rome : A Guide to its Holy Places. Second Edition, greatly improved. By P. J. CHANDLERY, S.J. With a Preface by Father JOHN GERARD, S.J. Octavo, 560 pages. 5s. net. (Postage within the United Kingdom, 4d.; postage abroad, 7d.).

The Adorable Heart of Jesus
By Father JOSEPH DE GALLIFFET, S.J. With Preface and Introduction by the Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J. Third Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 3s.

The Watches of the Sacred Passion
By the Rev. P. GALLWEY, S.J. Third Edition, in Two Vols. Cloth, 8s. net.

The Science of Spiritual Life
By Father CLARE, S.J. New and Enlarged Edition. Demy 8vo, 668 pp., 7s. 6d. net.

Medaille, Rev. P. Meditations on the Gospels for Every Day in the Year
Translated under the direction of Father EYRE, S.J. Second Revised Edition. 6s.

Daily Duties : An Instruction for Novices
6d. net, by post 7d.

Meditation : An Instruction for Novices
6d. net, by post 7d.

Vocation : or Preparation for the Vows, with a further Instruction on Mental Prayer
6d. net, by post 7d.

MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, LONDON, S.W.

AND OF ALL CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS

JUST PUBLISHED

Waters that go Softly

OR

THOUGHTS FOR TIME OF RETREAT

By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

"Here there is no ambitious attempt at an exhaustive treatment of themes which of their nature are inexhaustible. Instead of this the writer has given us, in a highly condensed form, the thoughts which, after forty-five years of retreat-making, and twenty-five of retreat-giving, stand out conspicuously in his mind; thoughts which, as here set forth, may serve either for spiritual reading or as helps to meditation, but certainly not as substitutes for the latter process. One may read the book—as we have read and re-read it—with profit, or one may use it in time of retreat as a helpful adjunct to the text of the 'Exercises;' but the author has taken good care that it shall neither supersede the text, nor dispense the exercitant from the necessity of that vigorous mental effort which the text is designed to stimulate."—*Tablet*.

"Father Rickaby surely has a magician's wand, so deftly does he adorn all that he touches; happily, too, he generously shares his good things with us all. He has published many books, and given many retreats which some of us have had the pleasure of attending, and both in his books and in his retreats, he has taught us to look for the outpouring of a mind well stored with learning, of singularly even balance, of great breadth and fulness, and filled to its utmost capacity with the love of God and zeal for souls. And now he has just given us another book; its title is *Waters that Go Softly*, and it contains his notes on the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. We find in it all those excellent qualities that we should naturally look for in his work and the same grounds for gratitude for the abundant and excellent banquets he has spread for us. Many books have been written on the Spiritual Exercises, but Father Rickaby's will, we venture to think, bear comparison with the best of them and will be specially welcomed for the freshness and originality of its matter, for the terseness and neatness of its style, and above all for the broadness and good sense of its spirituality. We call attention to one point especially. All through the book there is sounded the note of encouragement and hopefulness; this seems to us not only wise in itself, but also very opportune in our day, when, owing to the great pressure of daily life, men are liable to nervous breakdown and the depression that accompanies it and makes itself felt with special acuteness in spiritual matters. Under Father Rickaby's guidance we may meditate on the most terrible truths of Faith and yet find ourselves renewed in hope, and our courage refreshed. Not that he minimizes or lessens anything that Faith teaches us, but that he has the art and skill to minister to human weakness with that gentleness of touch that heals and comforts while it actually cuts and burns. Another point about the book is the fulness and freshness of the illustrations employed by Father Rickaby to bring out old truths in a new way; for this purpose he goes far and wide to gather what he feels will suit his purpose, and his quest has been very successful. We naturally look, in such a book, for quotations from the Saints and other Catholic writers; we are perhaps a little surprised to find truth supported by the words of Plato, Aristotle, and even Plautus, but it is quite new and interesting to meet with passages from Bunyan in a Catholic book on the spiritual life. . . . We are very grateful to Father Rickaby for having further enriched the literature of the spiritual life by this delightful book, which we hope will become widely known, and we are sure that wherever it is known it will be highly treasured."—*Catholic News*.

"This is a remarkable book by a remarkable man, and is, all things considered, the best half-crown's worth of spiritual reading we have met with in a search of many years. The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, served up in Oxford sauce, with more than a pinch of Attic salt, make a toothsome dish for the palate wearied of French translations and English inanities. It is amazing to note how happily and appositely Father Rickaby can press in the Greek philosophers and poets, the moralists of all times, including Bunyan, as well as the Fathers of the Church, to elucidate the great Spaniard's golden book."—*Catholic Times*.

"Father Rickaby's Retreat readings are decidedly out of the beaten track in way of treatment. Logical acumen is Father Rickaby's forte, but here he is bright and sparkling to a degree that makes tedium impossible. His examples and illustrations are taken from very widely separated sources, as far apart as Cicero and John Bunyan. But his discourses show also great depth and discernment of spirit, and will be of incalculable value to anyone desirous of making a private retreat."—*Poor Souls' Friend*.

LONDON: BURNS & OATES, Ltd., 28, ORCHARD STREET, W.

THE MONTH.

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1907.

THE REVISION OF THE VULGATE. II.	<i>Page</i>
By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith	561
THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY.....	By F. F. Urquhart 576
A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF BLESSED EDMUND CAMPION AND CARDINAL NEWMAN: Their Careers. I.	
By the Rev. Thomas Wright	588
CAELESTIS URBS.....	By Jan de Geollac 598
LATENT CATHOLICISM IN CERTAIN OXFORD WRITERS.	
By Thomas Dale	606
SOME OTHER CHRISTMASSES.....	By Gilberte Turner 613
THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND THE HOLY GRAIL.	
By the Rev. Herbert Thurston	617
A HALF-HOUR IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.	
By James Dwyer	633
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM	638
A Page of Secret History. Herbert Spencer amongst the Prophets. The Worship due to Images.	
REVIEWS	643
1. La Crédibilité et l'Apologétique. Par le Père A. Gardeil, O.P. 2. English Church Furniture. By J. Charles Cox and Alfred Harvey. 3. The Life of Thomas William Allies. By Mary H. Allies. 4. Catholic Record Society. Vol. IV. Miscellanea. 5. St. Martin. Par Adolphe Regnier. 6. P. F. Diego Murillo, O.S.F., Instrucción y Escala Espiritual. 2 Vols. La Importancia de la Prensa. Por D. A. López Peláez, Obispo de Jaca. La Comunión frecuente y diaria. Por el R. P. J. B. Ferreres, S.J. Caracteres del Anarquismo en la actualidad. Por Gustavo La Iglesia, segunda edición. 7. Catholic Hymns and Benediction Services. By S. P. Bamford. Mass of St. Bruno, Requiem Mass, and Mass of St. Gregory. By R. R. Terry. Church Music. Autumn number. (Philadelphia.)	
SHORT NOTICES	653
MAGAZINES	663

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to "The Editor of THE MONTH," 31, Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.; and not to the Publishers; Business Communications, to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.

Articles submitted to the Editor should *always* be signed with the Name and Address of the Sender (even when it is desired that they should appear anonymously).

BOOKS FOR MEDITATIONS AND RETREATS.

The Manna of the Soul. By Father PAUL SEGNERI. Second Edition, in two volumes. Cloth, lettered. 12s.

The Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ in Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By Father NICOLAS AVANCINO, S.J. Two vols. 10s. 6d.

The Spirit of St. Ignatius, Founder of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of the Rev. Father XAVIER DE FRANCIOSI, of the same Society. 6s.

Journals kept during Times of Retreat by Father John Morris, S.J. Selected and Edited by Father J. H. POLLEN, S.J. Second Edition. 6s.

The Text of the Spiritual Exercises. With Preface by Father JOHN MORRIS, S.J. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Jesus the All-Beautiful. A Devotional Treatise on the Character and Actions of our Lord. By the Author of *The Voice of the Sacred Heart* and *The Heart of Jesus of Nazareth*. Edited by the Rev. J. G. MACLEOD, S.J. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Third Edition. Price 6s. 6d.

The Lights in Prayer of the Ven. LUIS DE LA PUENTE, the Ven. CLAUDE DE LA COLOMBIERE, and the Rev. Father PAUL SEGNERI, all of the Society of Jesus. 5s.

The Tribunal of Conscience. By Father GASPAR DRUZBICKI, S.J. 3s. 6d.

The Christian Reformed in Mind and Manners. Meditations for a Retreat. By Father BENEDICT ROGACCI, S.J. One Vol. 7s. 6d.

LONDON : BURNS & OATES (LIMITED), 28, ORCHARD STREET, W.

The Revision of the Vulgate.

II.

IN a former article,¹ after explaining the purport of the Tridentine Decree on the authenticity of the Vulgate, we traced the history of this version, of its origin and relation to the older Latin version which preceded it, of the corruptions which it suffered under successive transcriptions previously to the sixteenth century, and of the various attempts during that long period to recover the pure form of its text. We had occasion also to make mention of the desire expressed at the Council of Trent that the Holy See would cause it to be thoroughly revised, of the response which the Holy See made to that desire, and of the shortcomings in this sixteenth century revision which have necessitated the further revision now in contemplation. In the present article we have to take up again these latter points and explain them with a little more detail, and, that done, to indicate the principles on which the fresh revision will have to be carried out. It was in 1546 that the Council, after passing its decree concerning the authority of the Vulgate, asked the Pope to order a revision of its text. They did not realize what the process involved, and imagined that it could be completed in time for the Council itself to give it authorization. But, although Paul III. set a commission to work at once, and it continued working through his Pontificate and that of his proximate successors, little advance had been made before the dissolution of the Council in 1562 under Pius IV., or indeed before the accession of Sixtus V. in 1585. Other undertakings had been passed on to the Popes by the Council, such as the reform of the Breviary, the reform of the Calendar, the codification of the Canon Law. Moreover, the revision of the Septuagint text appeared to the Commissioners to be a necessary preliminary to any satisfactory work on the Vulgate, and so they turned their attention in the

¹ THE MONTH, September, 1907.

first place to this, and prepared the edition of the LXX. published in 1587. Further, the Vulgate revision itself was found as they went along to grow to dimensions far beyond what they had supposed. Accordingly, the work dragged on till Sixtus came to the Pontifical throne, and urged on the Commissioners with all the force of his energetic character. These Sixtine Commissioners were Cardinal Caraffa, their President, Cardinal Landus, Provost Orsini, Agellius, Bellarmine, Pierre Morin, Valverde, and William (afterwards Cardinal) Allen. Sixtus not only opened to them the contents of his own Vatican Library, but as this library, though rich in manuscripts of other kinds, was poor in ancient MSS. of the Vulgate, he ordered the other libraries, both in Rome and out of Rome, to place their treasures at their service, not hesitating to resort to the plenitude of the Apostolic power in a cause so grave. Of the ancient MSS. the Commissioners were thus able to use, the Roman libraries supplied the *Paulinus* and *Valllicellianus*, MSS. of the ninth century which give the text of Alcuin's recension, the *Ottobonianus* (of the earlier books of the Old Testament only), a MS. of the eighth century giving a pre-Alcuin text, and a tenth century MS. from the Church of S. Maria ad Martyres, considered to give a recension made by St. Peter Damian. From Toledo came the splendid *Codex Toletanus*, probably of the eighth century; from Germany, the *Codex Fuldensis*, a MS. which contains only the New Testament (the Gospels following the order of Tatian's *Diatessaron*), but has the great advantage of bearing an exact date, April 19, 546, and the signature of St. Victor of Capua who testifies that he has read it through, together with some marginal notes of St. Boniface's. From Italy came the *Codex Cavensis*, probably of the ninth century, and of Spanish origin, which contains a text with peculiar characteristics; and the *Codex Amiatinus*. This latter, which is now in the Laurentian Library of Florence, is described as the most splendid book in existence. At the time of the Sixtine revision it was at the Cistercian monastery of Monte Amia, and the monks were naturally reluctant to let it pass out of their hands. But Sixtus rightly insisted, and it became the primary authority for the Commissioners, who ascribed it to the sixth century, though, as we shall see, it belonged to the beginning of the eighth.

Equipped with these authorities the Sixtine Commissioners set diligently to work. Their method was as good as could

be expected for those days, indeed, was good in itself. The readings in which the oldest and best MSS. agreed they adopted; those in which they disagreed they tested by the quotations found in the works of the Fathers and early commentators. They also had recourse to the Greek and Hebrew texts, not to correct the Latin by them, but to clear up obscurities in passages where the Latin admitted of more than one meaning. They completed their revision in the space of two years, but then Sixtus V. took upon himself to correct their work with his own hand, and made most arbitrary changes which he insisted on having accepted. Accordingly, an impression of a thousand copies was struck off, containing the corrected text as it left his hands, and a Bull was prepared which in the most sweeping terms declared its absolute accuracy, and forbade the use of any other version. It would have been a calamity had this Sixtine edition passed into authoritative use, and with so drastic a sanction; but Sixtus dying just then, his edition (which there is some reason for supposing he himself at the last had resolved to call in, at least on account of its misprints¹) was under his proximate successors actually called in and cancelled. The text was then restored to the state in which it had left the Sixtine correctors, and after some further revision, was re-issued in its present form, at first in the name of Sixtus V. only, but soon after in that of Sixtus V. and Clement VIII., and eventually, as at present, in that of Clement VIII. only.

The Clementine revision remains to this day the latest authoritative revision of the Vulgate text, but there is no reason whatever for saying—as, for instance, does the Rev. H. J. White, in his otherwise excellent article on the Vulgate in Hastings' *Bible Dictionary*—that the promulgation of the Clementine edition was intended, or tended, to stop all private investigation for the further improvement of the text. That it was not intended to have this effect is testified in several ways. The authoritative Preface, which can be read in any ordinary copy of the Clementine Vulgate, makes a much more modest claim on its behalf—saying that, "though it is difficult for human weakness to affirm that it is in all respects perfect, it is not to be doubted but that it is purer and more correct than any of the other editions that have been published

¹ This is a point about which there has been some controversy which does not concern the present article. See, however, the point discussed by Père Prat, in the *Études Religieuses* for September, 1890.

so far." And when Lucas Brugensis, a private investigator of just that type which we are told the promulgation of the Clementine edition was intended to stop, sent the results of his studies to Cardinal Bellarmine in 1603, asking that they might be laid before the Holy See with a view to their official adoption, the Cardinal, in his reply, instead of finding fault with him, encouraged him.

I thank you [he wrote on December 6, 1603] for the book you have sent me [*i.e.*, his *Libellus Romanarum Correctionum*]. But please understand that the Vulgate Bible has not been corrected by us with the utmost accuracy. Many things in it we purposely left untouched, though they seemed to require correction. Thus the variant readings in the Louvain Bible, on which you have written a most valuable book, it seemed to me we ought to have added [he means in the margin], for they form quite a library. But it was thought better by others that they should not be added in the first edition.¹

And again, on November 1, 1606, he wrote to the same person :

If I see that the text itself [of the Clementine Vulgate] can be changed for the better in any places, I will bring them before the Pope and the Cardinals on the Commission. But you will see yourself that changes of this sort ought not to be too readily admitted into the sacred text. It is, however, most useful that the learned should be informed of the variant readings and of the judgments as to their value of experts like yourself.

Indeed, since the issue of the Clementine edition there have been several private scholars who have applied themselves to this question of further revision, and it is in fact due to their labours that the desire has arisen, now at last, as it would appear, to be gratified, to have the preparation of an improved edition sanctioned and promoted by the direct action of the Holy See.

But our readers will like to know more in detail what will be the nature of this further revision, and by what methods it will be prepared for. And this is what we will now try to explain, keeping still in view the purpose indicated at the

¹ What probably influenced those who asked for their exclusion from the first standard edition was the remembrance that similar marginal variants in older editions had through the ignorance or carelessness of subsequent transcribers crept into the text and caused confusion.

beginning of the previous article, namely, that of meeting the demands of the plain man whose interest has been aroused, not of discussing problems with experts.

The first thing to be seen to, will, we imagine, be to provide for the more effectual carrying out of the Clementine correction itself. It is curious that it should have been so, but as a matter of fact no sufficient precautions were taken, at the time of its issue or since, to secure that the editions subsequently printed should be conformed to the Clementine standard. Under Clement VIII., three Roman editions of his text were published, (1) a folio edition in 1592, (2) a quarto edition in 1593, (3) an 8vo. edition in 1598. Vercellone, who collated them, tells us that¹

each of these editions, which are the only ones authorized, has its own typographical errors; but the third has a *triplex nota* of the corrections to be made in all three. Unfortunately this *Correctorium Romanum* was not exact in its arrangement, inasmuch as in some places what is noted as requiring correction in one only of the three editions really requires it in one or both of the others.

Still, it was a useful instrument for setting the standard to future editions, especially as its defect was one which could not fail before long to be discovered, and thus was easy of remedy. Quite inexplicably, however, the printers paid no attention to it whatever, at least no direct attention; and so went on printing edition after edition from the beginning up to the present time, no one of which is, according to Vercellone, exactly conformed to the Clementine standard. Two things contributed to set them wrong. One was Lucas Brugensis's *Correctorium* itself. This writer in 1603 published his treatise precisely to call the attention of printers to the chief corrections of the *Correctorium Romanum* (i.e., the *triplex nota* of the Vatican edition of 1598); and in 1606 published a further treatise in which he suggested some additional corrections as desirable should the Holy See ever see fit to order a new revision. But he seems to have had in his hand only the second Vatican edition, and besides in some places either he or his printer mistook the reading corrected by the Roman correctors for the reading to be substituted. As Lucas Brugensis's treatise was well received and came to be used as a norm by the printers, these errors spread largely and have lasted long. Again Moretus, of the Plantin Press, in 1597 took the Vatican edition of 1593 for his norm, and printed

¹ *Prolegomena to Variæ lectiones Vulgatæ.*

several very beautiful editions conformed to it. In these therefore no account was taken of the Roman *Correctorium* of 1598, besides which the supervisors of the Plantin Press appear to have been too ready to suspect typographical errors in their copy, and so to have introduced unauthorized emendations into their text. Of course these Plantin editions were more easily obtainable than the Vatican editions, and were very convenient in form. Accordingly numbers of editions in various countries have been made from them, which have thus come to set the norm for the Bibles everywhere current up to the present day. Clearly this is a matter which will have to be looked to by those now entrusted with the task of preparing for a future revision. But it will not be a task of primary importance, since the divergencies from the Clementine original that have arisen in this way are not of a very serious character; nor will it be a task of much difficulty, especially as private scholars have already prepared the way for it. Such particularly was Vercellone's work done a half-century ago, but mention may be also made here of Professor Nestle's very handy little edition of the Vulgate New Testament in which the Clementine text of 1592 is reproduced, and the variants of the Vatican editions of 1592, 1593, and 1598, together with those of their respective *correctoria*, are added at the foot of each page.

The primary work entrusted to the Benedictine Commission will carry them behind the Clementine recension, and will aim at restoring, as nearly as the improved critical materials and principles of the present age will allow, the original text of St. Jerome's Bible—that is, in the books which he translated afresh from the Hebrew and Greek, the text of his translation as it was in his own autograph copy; and, in the books of which he merely revised the ancient Latin translation then in use, the text of his revision as it was in his autograph copy. And what we wish to do in the remainder of this article is to give such of our readers as are not familiar with the subject but have had their interest excited by Cardinal Rampolla's recent letter, some slight insight into the critical methods by which the revision will have to be made.

The difficulty in the reviser's path is threefold. (1) Not only the autographs but the vast majority of the transcripts, including all but very few indeed of those made in the centuries nearest to St. Jerome, have long since perished. (2) Of those

that remain, though they are very numerous, only one or two here and there bear the traces of their origin with any exactness, so as to permit of their being referred straight off to their proper places in the genealogical tree: whereas it is by taking count not of the number but of the genetic quality of the MSS. containing a reading that its value—that is, the probability of its correctness,—can be estimated. (3) The occurrence of mixture¹—that is, of the substitution by unwary transcribers of readings gathered from MSS. of alien groups in place of the readings given by the copy before them—is a disturbing influence for which allowance has to be made in any endeavour to refer a MS. to its proper group.

These are the difficulties and how are they to be overcome? The first step is obviously, to collate the various MSS. that are extant; that is to say, to examine them carefully and catalogue all the variant readings they exhibit. This is in itself a gigantic task, but happily, thanks to the industry of numbers of students during many centuries, particularly the more recent centuries, it is a task practically accomplished. There are probably no MSS. of importance that have not been collated already, and one agreeable result has been to show that the great majority of them offer no distinctive features in their text. These, therefore, may be disregarded by the textual critic, who finds himself thereby enabled to confine his further collations to, and to base his studies and inferences on, a not too unmanageable collection of manuscripts.

The next step is to classify these manuscripts into groups, for in default of direct evidence of the genealogy of a series of MSS. we may still be able to classify them as groups, the constituent MSS. of which agree in exhibiting a sufficiency of characteristic readings. Such groups must have had a common origin, since so many points of agreement among the MSS. which make them up are not otherwise explicable. Moreover, by a further application of the same principle, it may be possible at times to divide the groups into sub-groups or to unite them (if the term may be permitted) into super-groups. Thus where, out of the (say) twenty MSS. forming a group already identified by the fact of some thirty points of characteristic textual agreement, (say) twelve agree in exhibiting some dozen further points of agreement, and the other eight agree in exhibiting quite a different set of further characteristic

¹ See *THE MONTH* for September, 1907.

readings, there is room for assigning two sub-groups. And where, out of the thirty points on which all the members of this group agree, some fifteen are found to characterize also the (say) forty MSS. of some quite distinct group, there is room for assigning a super-group from which these two groups are derived.

A great advantage which we can derive from this classification of the MSS. into groups of the kind described, is that it reduces the necessity of relying too exclusively on the application of what are called internal tests, by enabling us to take together those that belong to the same groups, and estimate them in accordance with the value of the group itself. To perfect this method, however, it is desirable to have some means of eliminating the intrusive element of mixture, and this also can be done by a corresponding application of the self-same principle by which the groups have been discriminated. Thus in our imaginary case we have assumed that there are thirty points of agreement between the twenty MSS. composing the group. But this does not mean that the whole thirty are found in each MS. of the group, it only means that a sufficiently large proportion of these is found in it to be inexplicable except on the hypothesis of common descent. For instance, one of them, which we will call M, may have twenty-five points of agreement out of the thirty characterizing the group, but has other readings in place of 1, 2, 4, 6, 15 (out of the thirty); another, N, may have twenty-three of these characteristic readings, but has others in place of 3, 10, 11, 12, 14, 19, 28; another, O, has possible only fifteen characteristic readings, and has others in place of 1, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12, 14, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. If we meet with these discordances in any group of MSS., and can eliminate the hypothesis of negligent copying, the only explanation is that these discordances have come into the group by mixture, being due to transcribers having preferred some readings of other MSS. to those in their own copy. Accordingly, if we wish to get the texts of our groups as pure and homogeneous as possible, we must keep carefully separate in our minds these two classes of variants, those belonging to the group, and those intruded into it by mixture. We may, too, by comparing groups with groups, sometimes have the satisfaction of finding that what in one group are intrusive variants, are the true readings of some other group, in other words, of concluding more or less nearly from what particular sources the intrusive

readings in the group we are primarily concerned with, have been borrowed—a very valuable accession to the *data* for our critical inference.

Having by these means succeeded in getting behind the individual MSS. which exhibit them in a more or less pure state, to the texts themselves, that is, the varieties of text, which have been preserved in the different groups and sub-groups, the textual critic next looks about him for indications by which he may obtain some knowledge of the origin and history of these textual varieties. And here he is able to accomplish much by comparing them with the Biblical quotations he finds in the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers. These Fathers and writers have, speaking generally, quoted very largely from the Sacred Scriptures of the Vulgate version, and we can in consequence often learn from their works what varieties of Biblical text they found in their copies. On the other hand, we know accurately the dates when these ecclesiastical writers lived and wrote, and so can obtain in this way most useful knowledge as to the nature of the Vulgate text at that particular date. If, for instance, we never find particular variants in Biblical quotations made before a certain date, say, the sixth century, this goes to show that they are variants which must have originated at a later period, and hence by textual error, whereas the alternative variants which we do find in these earlier quotations have to that extent a better chance of being genuine. Nor must it be overlooked that this inference bears not merely on the individual readings taken singly, but on the textual groups to which they belong. A classical illustration of the results obtainable by this test is furnished by the study of the Greek text, and plays a leading part in the argument by which Westcott and Hort have concluded that the Greek *textus receptus* of the New Testament, although that found in nineteen-twentieths of the extant MSS.—and not unnaturally, it may be remarked incidentally, in the Anglican authorized version—is defective in its characteristic readings, and far inferior to that found in the two oldest Greek MSS., the Vatican and the Sinaitic. This *textus receptus*, this text which became so widely received, is proved by comparison with the early Fathers to be identical with the text found in St. Chrysostom and the Antiochene writers, but is *never* found in writers earlier than 250; whereas that of the two ancient MSS. named, as well as another variety nearly resembling that in the Vulgate, are found much earlier in Alexandrian

and "Western" writers. From this fact of priority, as well as from the occurrence in this Antiochene text of apparent "conflation," that is, combinations of the alternative variants of the Alexandrian and Western texts into one, Westcott and Hort have drawn the now generally accepted conclusion that the *textus receptus* was due to a formal and systematic revision made in the neighbourhood of Antioch in the latter part of the third century, and based on the principle of including and combining all the existing variants that nothing might be lost.

A similar argument by which to determine the antiquity of the text characterizing a group of MSS. can be based on the date of the oldest MSS. in the group, for the text must at least go back as far as this. The date of a MS. can ordinarily be determined by the character of its arrangement, handwriting, division of words and paragraphs, ornamentation, or again of the size and quality of the vellum on which it is transcribed, but this determination is only approximate. On the other hand there are rare but gratifying instances in which the MS. bears on its face the signature of its transcriber or his chief, or some other clear indication from which he can be identified. To this class belong happily the two MSS. of most value for the revision of the Hieronymian Vulgate, the *Codex Fuldensis* and the *Codex Amiatinus*. The *Codex Fuldensis*, as has already been said, bears the signature of St. Victor of Capua and the date April 19, 546. This means that the transcription was made under his supervision, and the corrections *prima manu* are considered to be in his handwriting. This is the oldest MS. we have of the Vulgate, and it is a great advantage to know that it comes from one of such authority and from a definite neighbourhood; and, as will now be understood by the reader, it is an advantage which is of the more value now that we have a process by which we can connect with this MS., and hence with its local origin, the other MSS. found by collation to belong to the same group. That St. Boniface, as his marginal notes testify, used this MS. in the eighth century is of biographical interest, but does not add to our knowledge of the origin of its text. The story of the discovery of the *provenance* of the *Codex Amiatinus* makes quite a little romance which, although of course well-known to students, may still bear repeating here on account of the interest it must ever have for English readers. On the reverse side of the first page of this MSS. the following dedicatory verses are written in uncials:

CENOBIUM AD EXIMII MERITO
VENERABILE SALVATORIS
QUEM CAPUT ECCLESIAE
DEDICAT ALTA FIDES
PETRUS LANGOBARDORUM
EXTREMIS DE FINIBUS ABBAS
DEVOTI AFFECTUS
PIGNORA MITTO MEI
MEQUE MEOSQUE OPTANS
TANTI INTER GAUDIA PATRIS
IN COELIS MEMOREM
SEMPER HABERE LOCUM.¹

As these verses stand, they are in the name of an Abbot named Peter, who describes himself as living in the furthest borders of the Lombard territory, and who sends this copy of the Bible as a present to a religious house which he names St. Saviour's Monastery, and which is apparently the monastery of Monte Amia, from which the *Codex* has derived its name. There was a Lombard Abbot Peter in the tenth century, and what these verses in their present form record is that this Abbot Peter at that date gave the MS. to that monastery. This of itself might be taken to imply that the copy was made with a view to that particular presentation, were it not that the character of the handwriting, &c., point to a much earlier date. Moreover, the metre of these elegiac verses is disturbed by the words italicized in the inscription as given above, and these italicized words are written over erasures—all which shows that Abbot Peter changed a previous inscription so as to accommodate it to the new purpose to which he was putting it. Can we then recover the original form of the inscription, and so learn about the previous history of the MS? The letter C at the beginning of the first line, and the letter E which comes second in the fifth line, belonged to the original form, and a very careful re-examination revealed that beneath the erasure were the traces of a C before the E in the fifth line, and a tail below the line to the letter coming fifth in this fifth line. That, together with the exigencies of the metre, gave some clue to the name of

¹ To the venerable monastery of the renowned Saviour
Whom the ancient faith worships (*dedicat*) as Head of the Church
I, Peter, the Abbot from the furthest borders of the Lombards
Send these pledges of my devout affection
Desiring that, amidst the joys of so great a father, I and mine,
May ever have a mindful place in heaven (*i.e.*, a place in his memory).

the original Abbot who was the donor of the MS. Moreover the handwriting was English not Italian, and quite recently the Anglican Bishop Wordsworth, whilst engaged in preparing his valuable critical edition of the New Testament according to the Vulgate, noted that the *Amiatinus* belonged textually to the same group as a very interesting set of MSS. of Northumbrian origin consisting of Codex *A* (in Wordsworth's notation), a seventh or eighth century MS. of the Gospels in the Durham Cathedral Library, traditionally ascribed to the Venerable Bede; another Codex, containing a portion of the Gospels of similar date, now belonging to the same library; a MS. (S) of St. John's Gospel, now at Stonyhurst, likewise of the seventh or eighth century, and said to have been found in St. Cuthbert's tomb; and the "Lindisfarne Gospels" (*γ*), in the British Museum, written by St. Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne (A.D. 698—726), which—as Dom Morin has gathered from its calendar containing names of Neapolitan saints—must have been made from a copy of Neapolitan origin, perhaps brought over by the Neapolitan Abbot Adrian, who came over to England with St. Theodore. From these indications it was conjectured that the Abbot's name in the fifth line of the elegiacs might be Ceolfrid, the successor of Benedict Biscop at Jarrow, and the superior under whom lived Venerable Bede. It was then further suggested that for *cenobium* in line 1 should be read *culmen*, and for *Langobardorum* in line 5, *Britonum*. A further stage of identification was inaugurated by Dr. Rossi, who in 1886 called attention to a passage in Bede's *Lives of the Five Abbots*, in which, in the Life of Ceolfrid, occurs the following passage:

Bibliothecam utriusque monasterii [that is of St. Peter's, Monk Wearmouth, and St. Paul's, Jarrow] quam Benedictus [Biscop] Abbas magna coepit instantia, ipse [Ceolfrid] non minori geminavit industria; ita ut tres pandectes novae translationis ad unum vetustae translationis quem de Roma attulerat, ipse super adjungeret; quorum unum senex Romam rediens secum inter alia pro munere [to the Pope] sumpsit, duos utrique monasterio reliquit.¹

¹ "The library of both monasteries which Abbot Benedict had commenced to form with much zeal, he with no less industry made twice as large; so that to the single pandect of the old translation which he (Benedict) had brought from Rome, he further added three pandects of the new translation; one of which when returning to Rome in his old age he took along with other things as a gift, and the other two he left for his two monasteries." By a "pandect" is meant a copy of the entire Bible. By the "new translation" St. Jerome's is meant, by the "old translation" that previously in use, the *Vetus Itala*.

And the crown was given to this growing array of evidence when, in the *Academy* for February 12, 1887, Dr. Hort called attention to the anonymous but contemporary Life of St. Ceolfrid published by Father Stevenson in 1841, in his appendix to the works of Bede. It is curious that so obvious a source of information should not have been previously thought of, for there, along with a fuller account of the making of the pandects and the taking one of them to Rome as an offering to the Holy See, is the very text of the dedicatory elegiacs, almost exactly in the form which the critic's conjecture had assigned to them. After the death of Ceolfrid which took place at Langres whilst he was on his journey to Rome, some of his companions went on to Rome carrying with them the gifts he was intending to offer: "*In quibus videlicet muneribus erat Pandectes ut diximus, interpretatione beati Hieronymi presbyteri ex Hebraeo et Graeco fonte transfusus, habens in capite scriptos hujusmodi versus.*"

Corpus ad eximii merito venerabile Petri,
Dedicat ecclesiae quem caput alta fides.
Ceolfridus, Anglorum extimis de finibus abbas,
Devoti affectus pignora mitto mei.
Meque meosque optans tanti inter gaudia patris
In caelis memorem semper habere locum.

Thus the date of transcription of this most valuable of all the MSS. of the Vulgate is traced to the short interval between 685, when Ceolfrid became Abbot of Monk Wearmouth, and 716, when he died at Langres. And how venerable a relic of early English Christianity it must ever be to us when we reflect that Ceolfrid, himself ordained to the priesthood by St. Wilfrid at Ripon, was the Abbot under whose paternal care and rule, the Venerable Bede spent the earlier half of his long life, so that Bede himself must at least have watched the labour of transcription as it went on and probably took part in supervising it. There is, however, a further problem still unsolved, and not likely to be soluble in so full and satisfactory a way as that of the transcription of the *Codex Amiatinus*. Whence came the copy from which it was made? One naturally thinks first of St. Benedict Biscop's frequent visits to Rome, in which he is said to have brought back copies of the Bible. But inasmuch as, in the passage above quoted, it is said that he had brought back from thence "one copy of the older translation," it may be inferred that he did not bring back copies of St. Jerome's

translation. The copy we are in search of may have been brought over from Rome by Abbot Adrian, who came with Archbishop Theodore. But in any case it is difficult not to feel that it came through some channel or other direct from Rome, for a transcript of such importance would be made from the best copy within reach, and Rome was the source to which the England of those days would look for its standard copies. And indeed we know otherwise, namely, from the testimony of St. Martin I.,¹ that in the period just preceding, the demand on Rome for copies of the Holy Scriptures for use in England and other northern countries was so large as to put a strain on the resources of the Holy See. Still, to say that the copy, and hence the text, was of Roman derivation, is not to say the last word on the subject. A task remains, which only internal criticism can grapple with, that of comparing the text of the *Amiatinus* with other texts pointing to a similar origin, to determine, as nearly as possible, the genetic relation between them. If any reader wishes to see what kind of reasoning belongs to this last-mentioned department, he may be referred to the Rev. H. J. White's article in the second volume of the *Studia Biblica*.

The foregoing account may suffice for its intended purpose of indicating in outline the chief materials on which the revisers of the Vulgate text will have to work, and the principles they will have to apply. But it must be understood that we have not touched, or barely touched, the conclusions to be drawn from these premisses, on which a sound revision will have to be based; nor is that a subject which can be usefully treated except among experts. We must be content to say here that the revisers will find their task considerably lightened, as regards the Old Testament, by Vercellone's two volumes of *Variae Lectiones*, which have already collected and considered the variants for the Books of Moses, of Josue, Kings, and Paralipomena; and, as regards the New Testament, by the Anglican Bishop Wordsworth and the Rev. H. J. White's conjoint labour on the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, to be completed, we do not know when, for the remainder of the New Testament. We may, too, recommend to the clergy and other educated readers a little book already alluded to in this article, Professor Nestle's *Novum Testamentum Graece et Latine*, which is quite a marvel of skilful arrangement, and enables one to see at a

¹ Mansi's *Concilia*, x. 1183.

glance, both for the Greek and the Vulgate texts, what are the extant variants from amongst which the selection has to be made. This much as regards the materials. As regards the principles, the question to be faced is whether any sound system—after the manner of that elaborated by Westcott and Hort for the Greek of the New Testament—can be devised for application to the Vulgate problem. And on this point, the Rev. H. J. White—whose article, "Vulgate," in Hastings' *Bible Dictionary*, may be profitably consulted—thinks that very much remains to be done, especially for the Old Testament, if indeed it can be done satisfactorily. Satisfactorily, that is to say, from the point of view of constituting a text pure even to its *minutiae*—for the reminder given at the beginning of our previous article needs to be repeated here at the end. Though there are so many variants, and there has been so much corruption in introducing and perpetuating them, when all is said and done they affect only niceties of expression which, if in a volume so sacred they are well worthy of being explored, are still not more than infinitesimal specks on the surface of a text which for all practical purposes of faith and devotion has been preserved with a marvellous purity.

Just as we are concluding these simple explanations, the announcement is being made that Abbot Gasquet, who has been nominated President of the Benedictine Revisory Committee, is presently to make an appeal for aid towards the expenses of the task confided to them. This is an aspect of the subject which may have escaped the notice of the many interested in their work, but it is obviously an aspect of some importance, as the expenses which will have to be incurred must needs be heavy. Whilst then expressing to Abbot Gasquet the pleasure it gives us to learn of his appointment, we would also express our hope that he may receive the needful financial support.

S. F. S.

*The Principle of Nationality.*¹

THERE are probably few departments of things human which are less regulated by principle than the relations between States, Grotius, Vattel, and the legists did indeed endeavour to establish a regular code of international morals which should appeal at least to the consciences of Christian people. Its foundation was the principle of the absolute independence and equality of all nations, and it was constructed mainly on the lines of Roman Law. It was too elaborate, too legal to win universal acceptance, too often employed to consecrate the *status quo*, too impatient of new principles and new ideals. In times of great political stress men have preferred to guide their actions by a principle or an ideal, something wider and more dynamic than a code, something more capable of rousing or controlling the passions of a people. Such political ideals never exercise their full power till they have been embodied in political terms. Till that incarnation has been effected the unembodied spirit flits aimlessly among the dwellings of men. Once embodied, it is ready to become an idol of the market-place, and often a very vocal idol too. Yet its new body gives the idea a false permanency, an unreal personality. It may have been born under special conditions, have grown to portentous size because it expressed some common emotion, a sense of common danger perhaps, or an epidemic of ambition. Then comes a change of circumstances, with them the principle changes, but the word remains and long conceals the new spirit under the familiar shape. The Balance of Power is such a term. It was long used to express the fear of a predominating power. At one time it was the freedom of the weak which was to be secured through the mutual competition of the strong; at another, it was a too-much married Hapsburg or a too aggressively philanthropic Bourbon who had to be kept within bounds by a coalition of possible victims. But by degrees the idea of independence, of protection, was lost in that of "balance." The letter enslaved

¹ Read as a paper to the History Club, Balliol College, Oxford.

the spirit, and in the partition of Poland the three sharers in the spoil put on airs of sanctimonious self-congratulation because the balance had been kept—by making the shares equal. A principle which had been meant for the control of the strong was thus used to cloak the spoliation of the weak.

I propose in this paper to study the fortunes of another political term—one that played a chief part in the international concert of political phrases in the nineteenth century. The Principle of Nationality first appeared as a rival to the discredited balance of power. In an interesting essay,¹ to which I shall often refer, Lord Acton once traced its birth to the partition of Poland, or rather to the revolt of the European conscience against that international crime. "Thenceforth there was in Europe a nation demanding to be united again into a State."

The idea of nationality was the expression of a revolt against eighteenth century international morals. These morals were the result of the perversion of two admirable truths.

The legists of the seventeenth century had laid down the principle that every State, whatever its size, should be considered an independent unit with rights equal to those of other States. This had been perverted by carrying to excess the notion that for international purposes the monarch was equivalent to the nation.

Secondly, as I have just pointed out, the theory of the balance came to mean that if one great Power received an addition of territory the others were justified in seeking for and taking equivalent additions wherever they could be got. Because Austria had no share in the second partition of Poland she hunted for her lost equivalent in nearly every part of the Continent from Turkey to Flanders. Even after the Revolution, France justified her acquisitions of the Rhine frontier by referring to the increase of territory which the other Continental Powers had received in the East. This was a perversion of the principle that a powerful State should not be permitted to increase its power by wanton attacks on its neighbours.

The result of these perversions was the practice of rearranging the map of Europe by partitions and exchanges without any regard to the traditions or wishes of the inhabitants, as if the Sovereigns were so many landed proprietors rearranging the lands of a manor.

¹ "Nationality," *Home and Foreign Review*, vol. i. p. 1.

In the case of the partition of Poland the independence of the State was disregarded as well as the rights of the Nation, and even the eighteenth century political conscience felt itself outraged ; but the French Revolution went a step further than mere protest by drawing, in the most deliberate and unmistakable fashion, a line between the nation and the Sovereign ; and this not only at home by the guillotine but in foreign affairs too, by offering its alliance to all oppressed peoples against their Sovereigns. It proclaimed the dogma of National Sovereignty, when it took the title—"the Republic, One and Indivisible ;" of this Lord Acton says, that "it expressed for the first time in history the notion of an abstract nationality. France had rejected the State and the Past." The work begun by the Revolution was carried on by Napoleon, but in a very different manner. He called the new Power into active existence "by attacking nationality in Russia, by delivering it in Italy, by governing in defiance of it in Germany and Spain." The Revolution and the First Consul knew how to make use of the principle of nationality in order to revolutionize the States they were attacking, the Emperor by the oppression of his government succeeded in a more constructive policy : he recreated almost anew the German national spirit :

The three things which the Empire most openly oppressed—religion, national independence, and political liberty—united in a short-lived league to animate the great uprising by which Napoleon fell. Under the influence of that memorable alliance a political spirit was called forth on the Continent which clung to freedom and abhorred Revolution, and sought to restore, to develop, and to reform, the decayed national institutions.¹

At the Congress of Vienna little was heard of the principle of nationality : it was alluded to by the Czar Alexander, but only in order to urge the annexation of the whole of Poland by Russia, and of the whole of Saxony by Prussia. The "robbers of Vienna," as an English Whig called them, with some exaggeration, were not always ready to share the spoil. But the ghost was not to be so easily laid. The Greek Insurrection and the whole policy of intervention as practised by the Holy Alliance were well calculated to keep the idea before the minds of men : "The principle which the first partition had generated, to which the Revolution had given a basis of theory which had been lashed

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 10.

by the Empire into a momentary convulsive effort, was matured by the long error of the Restoration into a consistent doctrine and justified by the situation of Europe."¹

In its earlier and simpler form the principle of nationality is simply the assertion of the right of a nation to be independent. At first there was no great difficulty about the word nation. Everybody knew what Poland was. The Spaniards and Neapolitans whose Liberal movements were put down by the Powers were both of them distinct peoples: even the Greeks appeared to European sympathizers as a well-defined race occupying a familiar part of the map. The stress was laid upon independence more than upon nationality. It was the Greek who must be freed from Turkish rule: and later the Lombard and the Venetian from Austria. By extremists the principle might be carried further. The alliance of sovereigns suggested an alliance of peoples. There was something of a Sultan about all kings, something of the Greek about all peoples. Republicanism seemed to be the only free government, and in the rhythmical enthusiasm of his *Paroles d'un Croyant* Lamennais cursed the kings almost as bitterly as Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish patriotic poet, cursed the Satanic Trinity which had destroyed his country. This way lay revolution.

But even the more moderate application of this principle had its revolutionary side. It was an attack on the principle of legitimacy. The Turkish rule in the Balkan Peninsula had been recognized and sanctioned by numerous treaties. By the public law of Europe the Sultan was a lawful Sovereign. On what grounds could other Powers intervene between him and his revolted subjects? Canning in one place suggested the Christianity of the Greeks: that was a difficult argument to press, especially for England and Russia with their millions of Mahometan subjects, and our diplomatists found themselves at some loss for a reply when the Porte asked if religion gave Turkey the right to intervene in India. The same difficulty occurred later in Italy. The position of Austria in Italy was recognized by European public law. In Lombardy Austria had been established for centuries: Venice was a more recent acquisition, but Austria held it by the same title as England held the Cape or Prussia the Rhine Provinces. It was hard to see, especially for an Austrian, how the Lombard or Venetian

¹ *Ibid.* p. 12.

patriots were anything but rebels, men whom success alone could justify and whose conspiracies against one of the best governments in the Peninsula were merely treason. Yet in spite of this the feeling in Italy became almost universal. In 1846 the cry, "out with the foreigner," seemed to appeal to all classes and all parties—to King and Pope as well as to republican and Carbonaro. In contact with and contrast to the "barbarians," Italy seemed at last to have achieved the consciousness of her own identity. But it was too much to expect that such a movement should be at once successful, or that either the *Hopes* or the *Primacy* of Italy—to quote the names of two famous books of the period—should be realized at the first attempt. That is not the way in which nations are made. In spite of confusion and revolution at home, Austria did not lose her foothold in Italy in 1848, while constitutional and provincial divisions soon distracted the Italian attack. It would perhaps have been better in the long run if Italy had been left to deal with this problem by herself. "Italy will shift for herself," was a proud boast, but no country has so little deserved it. She has been the spoilt child of European diplomacy. Had she been left to deal with the Austrian problem by her own unaided efforts, the aim would have linked together her different divisions, while the trial and the success would have given her a character and a dignity which is now wanting. Yet that her cause should have appealed to the knight-errants as well as to the adventurers of Europe, is not surprising. In the end even the Austrians abandoned Venice with a sigh of relief. In spite of treaties and the public law of Europe they felt that you cannot hold in subjection a fully-developed people who unitedly and persistently demand their independence. Legitimacy must sometimes give way, or accommodate itself to new applications of international morals, else it is a mere consecration of actual facts. This then is the first, the most natural, the most generally accepted of the meanings given to the principle of nationality—the claim of a nation to manage itself and to be independent of foreign rule.

Unity, in the next stage, follows on freedom; the two are often connected from the first. Freedom may require a united effort. The movement for the liberation of Germany from Napoleon brought the German States together, and revived the idea of a united Germany. In Italy it was felt by many that

a union of the different States was an essential preliminary to the expulsion of the foreigner. Yet unity does not appeal so straight to the hearts of men as freedom. It may find itself in conflict with local patriotism and long established constitutions; it is rather the ideal of men of education. Even to this day there is many a Bavarian who feels that "his Bavarian shirt is nearer to him than his German coat." Patriotism, after all, is not a matter of square miles. A loving but modest fidelity to a Hanover or a Hesse Cassel may be as fine a thing as the genial satisfaction in being citizens of a great empire. Thus the movement to unity must needs be slow and perhaps indeed impossible without compulsion of some kind, without a Piedmont or a Prussia. And with compulsion much that is evil must enter. It would be easy to illustrate this text from the histories of Italian and German unity; of intrigue and underhand diplomacy in one case, of the brutal assertion of material force, of blood and iron in the other; both these have left their mark on the nations they helped to form. Freedom is for all time a "good:" unity perhaps only at certain periods of the world's history. It is possible that at some not very distant date a loose European federation may be formed and a breach be made in the monopoly of patriotism which since the Middle Ages the nation has acquired. The nation will have to surrender some of it to this higher unity, and some of it perhaps to the local unit. But this is but speculation: we are dealing with our own and recent times and it is hard for us not to sympathize with the wish of Germans or Italians to form themselves into one nation as English and French had done before them.

In Italy the bases of unity were easy to find. There geographical, racial, and linguistic bonds of union agreed on the whole pretty well with the more subtle and spiritual links of past traditions, of a certain national spirit, of a widespread desire for unity. No doubt the enthusiasts of the movement neglected certain profound distinctions which separate the south from the rest, no doubt they forgot the strength of the old Guelph municipal patriotism and were only irritated by the unique and cosmopolitan position of Rome. Yet though Italy had never been politically united since the days of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, she had been so long an influence and a spiritual power in Europe, had drawn to her so much affection from strangers and aroused so much devotedness in her sons, that she acquired

a moral individuality. This simplified the work of the politician, and in the end reconciled even the vanquished party to the union of the Italian people in an Italian State.

It was otherwise in Germany. Divisions there were much more profound, geographical frontiers more indefinite, races much more mingled. There were German populations dwelling contentedly and even enthusiastically under French rule: there were numerous German provinces politically united to Slavs and Magyars in the Austrian Empire. There were millions of Poles living in German territory. Compared with Italy there was one all-important difference: nowhere did Italians lord it over peoples politically or racially subordinate. In Germany the drawing together of the German race into a political unity would mean the strengthening of the German hold on subject populations. Under these difficult conditions Germany had to go to school before she could be united. She had to learn about her origins, her races, her past history, her old national literature. She had to revive the memory of her mediæval glories. This task was undertaken first of all by the Romantic movement, by poets and artists and tellers of fairy tales: it was a reaction against the French classical school, and was conservative and religious. After the expulsion of the French the Romantics tended in some ways to come into conflict with the Liberal school of thought and of politics. It was to this latter school that the University professors in the main belonged. It was as a Liberal that the German professor had his baptism of political fire. The Liberal movement of the thirty years' peace was an educated middle-class movement—it was nourished by the Universities: at times it seemed almost confined to them. In the smaller States where there were constitutions, the Liberal leaders were often ex-professors. The seven professors of Göttingen became seven spectaclled champions of Liberalism. A hundred professors forsook their lectures and sat on the benches of the Frankfort Parliament of 1848. But the era of 1848 represents in the history of Central Europe the beginning of conflict between the ideals of political liberty and the sense of racial unity, or rather we should perhaps say that in 1849 people first woke up to the full consciousness that such a conflict existed. The new heaven had already been working in the professorial body. The very studies which were the peculiar pride of Germany were preparing the professors to take up the work of the old Romantic school.

Philology, the science of origins, was the science which was, in the words of Renan, to give to German thought a mission at least equal to that of France. The founders of this school lived far from the turmoil of politics, they have been described in noble words by Lord Acton in the first number of the *English Historical Review*.

By extreme patience and self-control, by seeking neither premature result nor personal reward, by sacrificing the present to the far-off future, by the obscure heroism of many devoted lives they looked to prepare the foundations of the Kingdom of Knowledge. *Plurimi transibunt et multiplex erit scientia?* They trained themselves to resist the temptations by which others had suffered, and stood to win by moral qualities.

Niebuhr was a good representative of this early school of dwellers on the heights. His interests were not with modern society, nor with the full-grown nations of antiquity; he was concerned with the palæontology of nations. But when the methods of this new science began to be applied to German origins a subtle link was forged between the scientific school and the aims of the old Romanticists. Niebuhr himself encouraged the publication of the *Monumenta*, the most splendid edition of the sources of mediæval history. Dahlmann, after him, represents the transition. He began as a Greek scholar—he left his classical studies for the *Monumenta*, and finally passed from science to action by his lectures at Kiel and Göttingen, and by his reviews. "German history," he declared in the Preface to his bibliography, "can no longer be a study of antiquity. It must flow out into the present in a course more rapid than our Rhine." The new school of scientific history came to the fore after '48; the names of Sybel, Ranke, and Mommsen are enough to show that science was not neglected though politics were added. These men worked for the glory of Prussia: they aimed consciously at what had been hitherto the half-unsuspected result of historical studies, the political education of Germany. Sybel, according to Lord Acton became the first classic of imperialism, and helped to form that garrison of distinguished historians which prepared the Prussian supremacy, together with their own, and who now hold Berlin like a fortress. One of its own professors described the University of Berlin, quartered in front of the imperial palace, as the intellectual household guard of the House of Hohenzollern.

The professors not only prepared the way for the politicians, they saw further than they into the future. Ten years before Bismarck announced the war with Austria which he was to do so much to bring about, Droysen, the professor, had an intuition of the future; he declared that unity could never come from liberty and the vote of Parliaments, that it required a power strong enough to crush resistance at home and abroad. That was really the lesson of the years from '48 to '52. They showed that a peaceable development of nationalities was impossible. The opposition between unity and liberty was inevitable. The movement was based on ethnography and archæology; it was certain to come into conflict, both inside and outside the nation, with human wills, with the deliberate preferences of men founded on community of affections or on recent traditions. Just as the Revolution, when its liberty was becoming Jacobinism, had to answer the question, "What if the oppressed foreigner refuses your emancipation?"—so the German movement, the more Prussian it became, had to face the problem of the Teuton who would have none of this Prussian Germanism. Austria, of course, complicated the problem. She could not be included in a close union of Germany without swamping the North German element with her Slavonic populations—she could not be excluded altogether from the rest of Germany without war. The unification of Germany seemed then to involve this paradox—that it could not be established without a fratricidal war between the two greatest German States, and that even if that war were successful the unification would not be complete. The first effect of the new "unity" would be the absolute exclusion of the Austrian Germans, a population which amounts now to some nine millions.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many men looked forward to some federative system which might be an alternative to a centralized State, and it is of interest to read Lord Acton's plea for liberty and diversity as against a racial unity. It was written in 1862, the very year in which Bismarck came into office and declared to a parliamentary commission "the great questions of the age will not be decided by speeches but by iron and blood."

"Liberty," declares Lord Acton, "provokes diversity, and diversity preserves liberty by supplying the means of organization."¹ Diversity in the same State prevents the Government

¹ *Ibid.* p. 17.

interfering too much in social questions. The coexistence of several nations under the same State is the test, as well as the best security of its freedom.

Our connection with the race is merely natural or physical, whilst our duties to the political nation are ethical. One is a community of affections and instincts infinitely important and powerful in savage life, but pertaining more to the animal than to the civilized man, the other is an authority governing by laws, imposing obligations and giving a moral sanction and character to the natural relations of society.

Patriotism is in the political life what faith is in religion, and it stands to domestic feelings and to homesickness as faith to fanaticism and superstition.

He concludes that,

if we take the establishment of liberty for the realization of moral duties to be the end of civil society, we must agree that those States are substantially the most perfect which like the British and Austrian Empires include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them.¹

So far we have dealt with the ideal of nationality simply as it affects the component parts of the nation. There remain three other points. First of all; what is to be the attitude of the new nationality towards other nationalities? Does the reconstruction of the map of Europe on this basis make for the peace and unity of the human race? Is it a step towards unity or a closer organization of antagonistic forces? Mazzini looked on the national movement as an expression of the great creative spirit of association, and as a step towards the federation of man: "The question of nationalities, rightly understood, is the alliance of the peoples." He would be a bold optimist who would say that this prediction has come true. National wars have been fought since he wrote, and have been the more bitter for their nationalism. For the present there seems a lull in national antagonisms, but the danger of what Renan called "zoological war" has not passed. The great Slav mystery remains unsolved. Will they ever unite? If they unite, what next? In a well-known passage of his letter to Strauss, Renan foresaw the danger:

You have raised the flag of ethnographic and archæological policy in place of liberalism: that policy will be fatal to you. Comparative philology, which you created and have unfortunately transferred to politics, will do you an ill turn. The Slavs are taking to it with passion: every Slav schoolmaster is for you an enemy.

¹ *Ibid.* p. 23.

Whether this danger has passed, who can tell?

Secondly, there is the attitude of the new nationality to its foreign subjects. Nationality, when it means *independence*, is, in essence at least, a defensive movement. Nationality, when it means *union*, has its aggressive side: it is an assertion of power. It is not likely to be over-tender to its subjects, or to feel the logic of the situation and bid them manage their own affairs. As Lord Acton puts it—

The greatest adversary of the rights of nationality is the modern theory of nationality. By making the State and the nation commensurate with each other in theory, it reduces practically to a subject condition all other nationalities which may be within its boundary.¹

It was the good fortune of Italy—as I have pointed out—to be free from this problem. German unity has had to deal with it in Poland and Schleswig. In neither case has it led even to a form of self-government. In Schleswig Prussia was bound by treaty to hold a plebiscite in the Danish districts, and return them to Denmark if the population desired. That clause was never carried out. It would be unfair to take the extravagances of the Pan-Germanists as in any way representing sober German opinion, but it is at least interesting to see that, in the various schemes which have been proposed for the readjustment of territories when the much-threatened Austrian *débâcle* occurs, there seems no intention of Germany abandoning her hold on Slav territory, either in Bohemia or in Styria. The danger is rather that the dominant nationality should endeavour by the use of education, of language, of officialdom and of all the instruments which are placed at the service of the modern State, to impress its own characteristics on the rising generation, that it should try to give its subjects a new soul. This is a degree of tyranny to which no Eastern despot has ever aspired.

The third and final point which I should like to raise is that of the relations between a newly-organized nationality and those members of the same race who are the subjects and the willing subjects of another State. Here it is that the original meaning of the principle of nationality seems to me most in danger of perversion, that it becomes most unmistakably a weapon of offence. Race is one of the bonds which bind a nation together—but it is not the only one. To make ethnographical or historical reasons override the definite, deliberate, even enthusi-

¹ *Ibid.* p. 23.

astic preference of a population is as much a violation of the real principle of nationality as any international monstrosity perpetrated in the eighteenth century. After all, geography, race, language, religion, commercial and other interests, all these things help to make up a nationality only so far as they produce in the people a mental habit, a wish to be one politically. You can therefore find the deliberate human choice without its racial foundation, as in Alsace in 1870, because man is human and not animal or vegetable. In such a case the will of the population may be overruled by conquest, but it is mockery to justify annexation on the plea of the principle of nationalities.

F. F. URQUHART.

*A Comparative Study of Blessed Edmund
Campion and Cardinal Newman :
Their Careers.*

I.

To say that no two individual men are wholly alike is akin to a primary truth. "Doubles" are a theatrical trick. Nature is both more original and more versatile than any human art. And what is true of physical resemblance, holds even more truly in the case of human careers and character. When, therefore, we claim to draw a parallel between the careers of Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman our readers will not look for an exactness even approaching unto mathematical precision. Besides the fact that all lives differ essentially, that one should live under Elizabeth and the other under Victoria presents an additional divergence, the significance of which cannot be too strongly urged. Customs, conventions, laws, times,—all tend to fashion the career of a man as much as to make the man himself. Though we hope, in the following pages, to bring out many points of resemblance between Newman and Campion, revealed by their respective histories, there are nevertheless other important incidents, in a certain sense common to both, for which we can claim but a verisimilitude. To give one or two examples—Blessed Edmund Campion worked but one year for the conversion of his countrymen: Newman devoted upwards of fifty strenuous years in his endeavour to bring England back from error: Campion died a martyr at the prime of his manhood amid the anger and hate of the people,—Newman's end came when all strife was over, in his ninetieth year, revered and regretted by his nation. If, then, we venture to compare their apostolates or their sufferings, to pretend to anything else than a *vraisemblance* would be manifestly absurd.

But, allowing for all the consequences of the above admission, it were yet possible to say that Blessed Edmund Campion

and Cardinal Newman were similar instruments in God's hands for a similar work in God's Church. The lot of both Newman and Campion was cast when the Church in England was at the height of the most critical trials she has ever had to endure. In 1580 Catholicism seemed destined to die out altogether in the hearts of Englishmen. With the spread of "Liberalism" in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, insignificant as was the Church just emerging from the days of rigorous disabilities, she would have sunk into still deeper insignificance, had not some mighty intellect, by the breath of his word and work, wafted the dying fire of Catholic doctrine into a conflagration such as penetrated with its rays of light and heat, the minds, however indifferently cold, of at least the thoughtful portion of the country. What Newman did for the Church sixty years ago, Campion did in her behalf at the close of the sixteenth century. Campion saved her from utter extinction: Newman brought her out of her lowliness into so marked a prominence that if Englishmen do neither love nor respect her, they are at least compelled to notice her—he "saved her from an insignificance which would have been almost as disastrous to her as extinction," for had not some stay been given to the current creed of negation, had Liberalism continued its triumphant sway, how would the Church have been able to advance the interests of truth, when, as it is, the pseudo-scientific philosophy of to-day is causing far-seeing minds not a passing anxiety, but a permanent and profound alarm; and further, considering the rapid dissemination and wide predominance of the "Imperial Idea" since the days of Disraeli, how would she have stood now in the eyes of our fellow-countrymen, to whom there is no fabric on earth like the British Empire, or how could she have ever dared to insist upon her rights, when practically to them she would not have existed?

We do not for a moment mean to imply that Campion and Newman achieved their respective work for Catholicism unaided, alone. So sweeping a statement were falsified by the shallowest knowledge of history. Forces other than they, strong and deeply influential, worked with them for the accomplishment of their huge task. Newman's name in his Protestant days can no more be dissociated from those of Keble, Pusey, and Hurrell Froude, than in his Catholic days from the names of Wiseman, Manning, Ullathorne, and a long list which English ecclesiastical history will preserve in ever-

green memory. And on the other hand Father Parsons, the devoted sons of Allen, George Gilbert and his band of lay-helpers, were factors essential to Campion's success. Indeed, it is a truth, not the least singular among the many singular truths in the story of their lives, that neither Blessed Edmund Campion nor Cardinal Newman were the reputed leaders of their times. They did but make the pace, while others steered. Father Parsons was Father Campion's Superior, and required and was fully given a Jesuit's obedience. Newman, during those years in which he laboured indirectly for the Catholic Church, tells us that Pusey headed their party, and after his submission to the true faith he was, as other clergy, subservient to the Bishop of his diocese, for it was only when he had laid down his pen and completed his work, that he was raised to the eminence of the Cardinalate.

With these words in explanation of our position and contention let us to our task—to trace the coincidence, real and apparent, in the careers of Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman.

The honour of birthplace in the case of both Edmund Campion and John Henry Newman belongs to London, the former being born on January 25th about the year 1540, the latter on February 21, 1801. Campion's parents seem to have been of the respectable citizen class. His father, we read, was a bookseller by trade, but his means were so limited that he was wholly dependent upon others for the education of his son. And with Newman, though his parents were genteel by immediate connection, family history shows that he sprang from the manly yeomen of Cambridgeshire; moreover, while Newman's father at one time enjoyed the affluent position of a banker, he too lived to face days of comparative poverty, so that he was no doubt not a little gratified to see his son secure a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, and thus prevent an additional drain upon his already too straitened resources.

Campion gave early promise of his future scholarship. The boy was but nine or ten when his father sought to apprentice him to a merchant. His gifts, however, were at once seen to be of no common order, and attracted the notice of a member of the Grocers' Company, who recommended that his education should be undertaken at the Company's cost. Accordingly Edmund was sent first to a preparatory school, and then to Christ Church, Newgate. It was at this latter school that he

first gave evidence of his true worth. So brilliant were the endowments of his mind, so close his application, so persevering his efforts, that he outshone all his companions, and headed the lists in the competition between the various grammar schools of the city. Nor was this the only achievement of his boyhood days. In after years he might sometimes have recounted how on August 3, 1553, Queen Mary entered London amid all the pomp and magnificence of her royal state, how she was surrounded by the highest nobles, apparelled in the robes and insignia of their various ranks, offices and orders, how she was attended by the Princess Elizabeth and a large retinue of England's fairest ladies, how all London turned out in holiday attire, crowding the pavement of the streets and packing the windows of the houses, how all along the festooned and banner-decked route every voice cried with a strange enthusiasm, "God save Queen Mary,"—for hope was high that their new Sovereign would live to undo the work of her father and brother, and to restore the old faith,—and how, at length, the whole of the grand procession stopped opposite St. Paul's, and the people ceased from cheering that the Queen might hear a little boy of thirteen welcome her in the name of London's youthful scholars. No man in all England was prouder on that eventful day than the poor bookseller, Edmund Campion, who had given his name to the boy-orator.

And Mr. Newman was not less pleased with his son's prospects. He was no ordinary child, to whom, at the age of six, a sober-minded man of business could write, "You must observe that you must learn something every day or you will no longer be called a clever boy." A consciousness of a gravity far beyond his years, as well as a conviction of his ability, could only have led a father like Mr. Newman to give such encouragement to his little son. At Ealing School, where John Henry was sent in 1808, the early estimate of his parent was not belied. Ealing was among the leading schools of that day. The reputation it had gained under the headmastership of Dr. Nicholas, of Wadham College, Oxford, brought it many a scholar, whose grandsires knew no names but Eton and Harrow. Dr. Nicholas was a born schoolmaster, and his testimony that no boy "had run through his school from the bottom to the top so rapidly as John Henry Newman," proves that his pupil was possessed of a "sharp and pregnant wit" even as the blue-coat boy of Newgate School. Newman was

not as other boys: he had neither time nor inclination for games; at eleven he was attempting verse and making great efforts at prose-writing, and when he had done with his pen, it was only to take up his book. It is not then with any surprise that we learn that, though change of custom made it impossible for him to welcome his Sovereign to the Metropolis, he at length gained the coveted honour of the Ealing boys of making a speech before the Duke of Kent, the brother of William IV. and father of our late Empress Queen Victoria, who bestowed his gracious patronage upon Dr. Nicholas' school.

Their school-days over, Newman and Campion were both sent to Oxford University, where they were destined to add lustre to the glorious name of England's noblest academical institution, yet where God had pre-ordained that each, by severe trial, should be brought to follow the course He had planned for them, to His greater honour and for the salvation of many.

Campion entered St. John's College, the recent foundation of Sir Thomas White. Trinity was chosen for Newman. And is it not indeed remarkable that both Newman and Campion should enter the academical arena to contest with Goliaths, by comparison matured in learning, as mere stripling Davids of fifteen: that within a year both should be regarded as the hope of their respective Houses: that in spite of Newman's failure at the "Greats," he, as Campion, should evince such extraordinary powers of mind that while Campion was esteemed as Oxford's foremost orator of that day, Newman in his time was Oxford's foremost writer, though it was principally as a preacher in the University Church of St. Mary's that he first became known to fame: that the character of the two men as much as their gifts should attract around them a following of young men, so that not only were there "Campionists" as well as "Newmanites," but just as the undergraduates of 1838 passed the whisper to one another, "there goes Newman," as the Fellow of Oriel sped by with head bent and eyes cast down, pondering deeply on some vexed question or some complicated situation of the times, all unconscious of the notice or even presence of his admirers, so did they of 1550 imitate the gait and bearing of the Fellow of St. John's?

In the temptations of Campion and Newman we are afforded a subject of still deeper interest. In what imminent danger

their souls stood, how Champion's worldly vanity and Newman's pride of intellect might as readily have captured their gifts in other interests and turned their careers into totally different channels, as grace won them to champion the cause of God's Truth—the errors and their correction display a Providence as watchful as, and scarcely less merciful than in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus.

"The truth is I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral. I was drifting in the Liberalism of the day. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement." In these oft-quoted words of the *Apologia* does Cardinal Newman disclose the symptoms of disease, which began to show themselves in his soul, and the bitter but effectual remedy of his Divine Physician. A few years before, his aim had been to make a great name in the world. "In 1819 and the beginning of 1820," he wrote in 1821, "I hoped great things for myself. Not liking to go into the Church, but to the law, I attended Modern History Lectures, hearing that the names were reported to the Minister." Newman had set to work for his honours' degree with all the earnestness of his indomitable will, and for twenty-four weeks previous to the examination, he "fagged at an average of more than twelve hours a day." But the too anxious young man had not reckoned to what extent he might tax his strength, already sapped by overgrowth, and when the examination drew nigh, he had outreached his endurance. His long, arduous hours resulted merely in a pass. "My nerves forsook me, and I failed." It was his failure, however, as much as his growing inclination to theology, which won him to the service of his Church. And now, in 1827, when unconsciously his mind had become fascinated with the prevalent thought of the day, and under its pernicious influence reason was beginning to supplant faith, and love of intellectual speculation, the love of God, he was visited by a sudden attack of the same illness, but in a more aggravated form, as that which caused his downfall in his competition for honours. Hard as was this blow, another still harder awaited him. Newman had scarcely regained his strength, when his youngest sister, Mary, died. The few glimpses we have caught of her show her to have been one of the simplest and the brightest, the most gentle and the most tender of sisters: in fact, in the pathetic *Récit d'une sœur*,—that tragedy without a villain, where all are so lovable,—there

is scarcely a sweeter character than Mary Newman. She had a distinct place in Newman's life. To no one else did he, or could he, write in exactly the same strain. His other sisters, to whom perhaps he was not less deeply attached, drew his affection more from sympathy of mind, and as for his mother, while he ever cherished a fond love for her, which deepened as life advanced, he was never unconscious of the respect that was her due. His affection for Mary, however, was altogether based upon sympathy of heart. *Cor ad cor loquitur* in a lightness and playfulness, made possible only by the absence of all reserve. On January 4, 1828, when Newman was at home on one of his short visits, Mary took ill at dinner, and left the table: on January 5th, the stricken heart ceased to beat, "the light of downcast eyes" was no more.

A month later Newman received a letter from his mother, which contained the following extract: "The chastening Hand which brings these severe inflictions, does mitigate them, and often in greater mercy renders them blessings: so has it been to you, my dear, and through you, to all of us." It may be that Mrs. Newman was not aware how truly these beautiful words applied to her son. The awakening had been rude indeed, but it opened Newman's eyes to the danger which beset him. Most edifying is it to see, that, in spite of the greatness of his gifts and the splendour of his success, no trace of intellectual pride can again be found throughout the remainder of his long life. He was ever the humble follower of the guiding light.

And not a whit less surely had God taught Campion how vain it was for him to kick against the goad. While God's method of cure in his case was different from that of Newman, it was, nevertheless, all the more unmistakable. That he might be efficiently schooled in humility, without which there can be no true service of God, Campion was permitted to fall to depths the lowest. Campion had been brought up in the Catholic Faith from infancy, and up to the time he went to Oxford he must have kept devoutly to it. Of this the fact that Sir Thomas White allowed him to enter his College, and afterwards placed him in a position of power is proof enough, for with Sir Thomas virtue was ever before learning. Campion rose rapidly; soon he was the first man at Oxford. His eloquence in truth familiarized all England with his name. He had been selected to speak at the reburial of the ill-fated Amy Robsart, had made the

funeral oration over his generous patron, Sir Thomas White, had welcomed Elizabeth on her state visit to the University, had argued with and had vanquished Oxford's best speakers in the royal presence, and had so fascinated the Queen by his prowess, so pleased her with his delicate flattery, that she recommended him to the patronage of the great Leicester. Campion's success turned his head. All the while the Act of Supremacy had hung menacingly over the University. Already, in 1560, Dr. Belsize, the President of St. John's, had been deprived of his office on account of his stalwart profession of faith, and the little oratory attached to the college had been robbed of its crucifixes, vestments, and consecrated vessels. But the falcon swoops down only when sure of its prey, and Elizabeth waited patiently before she demanded submission to her law. Campion, as in fact all Oxford, conscious that he was sighted, trembled at the thought of the approaching day of disaster. In his pride Campion had ceased to practise his faith, and now when confronted with the royal disfavour, his courage failed him. Persuading himself that he was merely a humanist, and no theologian, under the shallow pretext of leaving religious disputes to the professors of religion, he "at least externally admitted the determining principle of the English Reformation;" he subscribed to the Act of Supremacy.

Nor was this humiliation enough! Campion had hardly submitted to Elizabeth's heretical act, than the question, "What profiteth it?" arose within him. The loss of friends, the loss of fortune, the loss of chances such as come in the way of few, were nothing to the loss, the eternal loss of his soul. But the voice of conscience was stilled when friends praised and hinted at honours soon to come. God on the one side, the world on the other,—it was again the battle of the two standards. Campion speedily saw, however, that his mind would never rest while he remained a worldly scholar, yet he was mistaken in seeking peace without sacrifice. In a vain attempt to make terms with the truth which dominated his heart, he sought the direction of Richard Cheney, the Protestant Bishop of Gloucester. Cheney alone of the Elizabethan hierarchy had no love for the new creed. Though he could not allow any comprehensiveness in doctrine, as his episcopal brethren not only permitted but advocated without scruple, still he held by a moral code, which was only beaten by Luther's justification without works. Imagine the principle of a man who professed

the tenets of the Early Church and taught them in secret, who saw that Elizabeth's establishment was a house built on sand, who perceived with all clearness the absolute impossibility of any middle course, of any *Via Media* between Catholicism and Protestantism, yet so squared his conscience as to pretend to a true worship of God while he sold the one only faith of Christ for the price of a miserable stipend and the favour of an apostate queen. For the moment Cheney's *Via Media* seemed to satisfy Campion's mind, and the wide morality practised by the old Bishop was certain to resolve his fears. Accordingly Campion, a Catholic from childhood, took the order of deacon in the Protestant Church. It was indeed a short-sighted step, and Campion was very quickly to learn that this second fall was permitted by God to prove how surely the exalted are humbled.

No sooner had Campion received the diaconate than it became his constant torture. For years, long after he had repudiated it, the thought of it filled him with fear and remorse. And if the gnawing of conscience, the weight of sin, the pleading letters of his bosom friend, Gregory Martin, who had bravely renounced all for the Catholic faith, availed not to bring Campion to a definite decision; if still was needed the critical alternative created by the Grocers' Company, either to give them his assurance of his firm allegiance to the Queen's religion, or to look elsewhere for a patron, it was the humility born of these trials which enabled grace to prevail in the end, and which led him to range himself under the standard of the Cross, never to desert it, boldly to stand by it, till in 1581 he died in its defence.

The mention of Bishop Cheney's doctrinal profession no doubt suggested to the reader that the Tractarianism of the thirties and forties of last century was no new "movement." In truth the *Via Media* was advocated nearly three centuries before Newman published his Tracts 38 and 40. Campion was one of its earliest supporters when Protestantism was in the strength of its new life, even as Newman was one of its latest champions when Protestantism is disintegrating, "melting away like a snowdrift." "Like a father," says Campion to Cheney, "you exhorted me to walk straight and upright in the royal road, to follow the steps of the Church, the councils and Fathers, and to believe that, when there was a consensus of these, there could be no stain of falsehood." Newman could not have

stated more concisely the fundamental axiom on which he built his Tractarianism. When, however, Newman was in doubt regarding the substantial worth of the *Via Media*, when he wrote: "It still remains to be tried whether what is called Anglo-Catholicism, the religion of Andrews, Laud, Hammond, Butler, and Wilson is capable of being professed, acted on and maintained on a large sphere of action," how many years of delusion, indecision, brain-racking thought and heart-rending anxiety might he have been saved, had he only had by him Campion's letter to Bishop Cheney, written in the hope of reconciling him to the Church, for according to a recent comment:

As a summary of arguments against the *Via Media*, as an exposition of the hollowness of the Anglican position, of the absolute essential and necessary antagonism between Anglicanism and Catholicism, of the impossibility of salvation outside the one Church, and of the consequent need for all to join it, this letter is perhaps unsurpassed.

The conversions of Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman discover a further coincidence in their careers—that, under God, both owed their faith to the writings of the early Fathers.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

(To be continued.)

Caelestis Urbs.

Caelestis urbs Hierusalem
Beata pacis visio,
Quae celsa de viventibus
Saxis ad astra tolleris,
Sponsaeque ritu cingeris
Mille angelorum millibus.

Scalpri salubris ictibus
Et tusione plurima
Fabri polita malleo
Hanc saxa molem construunt;
Aptisque iuncta nexibus
Locantur in fastigio.¹

THAT to understand it we must place ourselves outside it, is a platitude in the case of History. Up to his eyes in Self, the selfish man is more than anybody ignorant of his real character. And with the humbler intention of learning the true look and meaning of a City, our only hope is to get outside and above it, at least for first and last inspection.

An experienced traveller would, we think, agree with this. Pistoia strikes us suddenly, taking our breath, as we see it from the Apennines, train puffing painfully upwards. We had never thought it was like that, when we were in it; churches, squares, monuments, filled each our whole vision at the moment, forbidding brain to correlate. Now we see it—town compact and walled, intelligibly towered, tawny patch on green levels whole worlds beneath us. Even Florence, filled with statued loggie and shrines each a gem and a history in itself, needs to be seen, first and last, from far outside; from olive-terraced Fiesole, for instance, or from San Miniato. Only then we grasp

¹ O heavenly city, Jerusalem, blessed vision of peace, that aloft of living stones art reared to the stars, and in fashion of a Bride art encircled with thousand thousand angels! With blows of chastening chisel and with bruising and beating, shaped by mason's mallet, its stones pile up this mightiness; and knit with apt interlock set themselves into pinnacles.

the meaning of its rust-red brick and central church of marble: Santa Croce and the Novella mark extreme points of inward energy, packing the town round Our Lady of the Lily, that white cloud tinted with rose and greens and greys of twilight, where Giotto's campanile goes skyward pale and delicate in full face of the grim Signoria. Even though the town so early leapt the river, and in spite of the restless memory of centrifugal caravans of commerce, when we see Florence from this watch-place we have no difficulty in realizing that here is no loose-textured aggregate of units tossed round Church and Parliament and market: Florence coheres though its walls are crumbled; the Ponte Vecchio, with gallery linking Pitti and Uffizi of hither- and trans-Arno is but a symbol of an essential unity.

Doubtless cities exist, like Nuremberg, where we must enter the tortuous streets and suffer the fretted eaves and hanging upper-stories to gnash black teeth overhead to the death of sky and sunlight; must submit to Gothic accumulation, where the widest spaces are interiors of cathedrals crusted outside with limpet-like cottages. Only thus can we capture one phase of the complicated medieval spirit, and explain, by a law of reaction, the peculiar lucid liberty of German mysticism, wherein souls transcended environment and leapt forth into an air of light and of elemental simplicity. Still, for them, as for us, to have entered makes the joy of escape acute and unique.

This same sense of cities appreciable only from a point outside and above them is rather ridiculously overworked by Zola, when, from Montmartre, he contemplates that Paris from which salvation (God help us!) is to reach the Modern Era. He drives the town through transfigurations of rosy sunrise and moonlit silhouette and rain-washed clear-obscure (effects from note-book, and useful to fill quickly one of the forty sheets—was it not?—which he set as daily task to docile inspiration); yet always is his Paris dominated by the bogey-shape of Eiffel—suggesting (if think we must of an object so grotesque) naked skeleton a-straddle over houses, obviously heartless, and too cramped of cranium to contain more than a machine suicidally replacing the brain which after all created it.

London itself lies low, and heights anywhere in its neighbourhood are very few indeed: of unity and intelligibility it has little, and that little can be seen only when its canopy of smoke is set swaying and breaks beneath what winds still reach us from Athens and Rome and Jerusalem.

Behind all this lies the old philosophy—become cheap and almost intolerable through iteration—that I am I because I am not another; that personality is possible, and, *à fortiori*, becomes self-conscious only by rejection of environment. I recognize distant hills because their blue is not that of the air above them: were all things equally of one blue, of that very blueness I were unaware. And the town asserts its self-hood more by walls which beat back encroaching fields or sands or suburbs than by any interior multiplication of houses, streets, and squares. That self, then, we cannot grasp until we see the prairies or deserts thus rolling up to walls, and by them contemptuously on every side flung back. Intense devotion to their city was barely possible to the lax-fibred populations agglomerated round Babylon and Nineveh. They could not see their city: it sprawled confusedly over vast plains where gigantic rivers floated, acres of water mirroring only sky. Walls there were, but the eye could not top them. Religion, no doubt, netted together a loose unity, but tended always to snap in the main meshes, and existed best by villages. Tyranny, too, held the centrifugal particles temporarily checked, as cat may claw, simultaneously, two birds. Above all, war would create solidarity in self-defence. But the fascination of cities never held these Easterns except precisely in so far as they could retire into the uplands of imagination, and dream at a distance of mysterious towns, never seen, or held only in awe-clouded memory, Ecbatana, Susa, where the god-tyrant hid himself, and whence his influence, even when paternal as was that of a Darius, issued oracularly forth.

On the whole, even Greece was wise when she clung to the ideal of isolated city-states. A paradoxical Peace, as of Nicias, could simulate harmony for just so long as the two discordant voices were tired into allowing themselves a bar or two of silence. Here too a heavy war-cloud in North or East could curdle patriotic sentiment into Panhellenic consistency. Here too, a loose net of religion, flung from Delphi, makes it possible to think of a Hellas united at the feet of Apollo, to whom pilgrimage was normally safe, and whose histrionic *protégés* could tour unscathed from city to hostile city. But Plato put it aside, that wider patriotism, or very nearly. His ideal City was a tiny town, citizenship confined to a bare thousand of the pure-blooded; and even this vision, which he came to love passionately, remained an "ensample in the sky," no nearer

reality than Aristophanic Cloud-cuckoo-land, or realizable only on the absurd condition (as Plato, laughing so as not to cry, confesses) of finding the unfindable—the Philosopher-King—and then exiling all population of more than ten years old, and starting fresh. Such was Plato's dream, which underlines the anomaly of that hour of inspiration in which his master, Socrates, realized that "wide is Hellas," and that many were the races even of barbarians where might be found the pearl of heavenly knowledge which *he* could not give, even on his death-day, to his friends. Socrates (who with a Johnsonian lack of curiosity left the green fields of Athens herself to themselves, confining his walks to the Cheapside of that day), then saw that the City of God may after all end by proving to be the "world as God sees it," as in our own time the Catholic epigrammatist declares. But apart from dreams and prophecy, the Greek life-current flowed strongest between narrow banks: Athens herself found schemes of empire shivered by the little rocks that roughened the Aegean; the tempestuous winds and seas of liberty-love that beat upon them easily snapped the treaty-bridges between Acropolis and islands, and crumbled a unity as yet impossible.

Unity through isolation reached its climax in Jerusalem. Mecca still rules the eyes and prayers of millions; but her dead Prophet is less potent than that City to which prophets themselves and people, from Babylon or other exile-towns, have strained in prayer. For indeed our first contention here too seems valid. Not till that first great exile did the idea of Holy City fully expand and triumph in Jewish thought. Not even David, who exulted in his city, guessed all that he had done on the day when he took the Jebusite Acropolis. Ilion, that "like a mist rose into towers," inspired our first great poem and has even in our own time fired imagination and exacted toll of labour from head and hand; but beneath the eyes of the dawning Jewish consciousness, a Temple rose silently "into seeming of a citadel," as Tacitus has it, fortressing not only that great rock, but also the idea of election, the dynamic impulse of self-realization by exclusiveness; and this was kept alive in a higher plane of spirituality than ever Athens reached by a long line of prophets, fertilizing for high results the detestable temperament of the chosen people. But Jerusalem slew her prophets, and turning her back upon her rock, left never a field untraversed by her wantonness: and when from His

Mount of Olives, Christ comprehended in His gaze her past, her splendid dying present and brief future, He spoke the doom which has taught us to turn, when we visit Palestine, to "all-excelling" Bethlehem rather than to Jerusalem, unless it be to that Passion-place and tomb which stood, in old times, outside the camp. Jerusalem itself is a sepulchre, not even holy, where ghosts of that old past come, Friday by useless Friday, to wail in words that have reached our Churches when, on the all-availing Friday, in the spiritual and only fruitful sense we implore Jerusalem to become once more God's holy city.

All those cities fell; and after four centuries of Christianity the world learnt whether its latest effort to succeed where Athens and Jerusalem and that old East had failed, was equally to be snuffed by Time, and whether the barbarian could really sack Rome. The faith even of the devout tottered when Rome's walls fell. Of what was Christianity made, if its metropolis could collapse? Augustine, to avert the calamity, and to wrest the Faith from merely human Rome, wrote God's City, the panegyric of the spiritual empire. For although that mighty work was a dirge—*Urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos*—its author saw, no less than did Plato and Vergil and John in whom his mind was steeped, new golden pinnacles flickering across the driving hail and sleet of life; and he could say (not enviously, like Æneas, but grateful for a new order inaugurated) *Felices quorum iam moenia surgunt!* And yet it was precisely here that Augustine's work steps into the category of those very few which have made history in the bulk, or which have, at least, witnessed to a gigantic step forward in an unbroken process. For try as he would to evict from his soul the *Aeneid* and all its strength and pathos, it was impossible for him to be done with Rome: all the tenderness and hugeness and glory and austerity of Vergil's dream was to be verified; *tendimus in Latium* is still a true account of our pilgrimage; from the outset, the new hymn had been *Roma Felix*. And not only was the new and spiritual city still Rome, but the old Rome was not to be wholly done away. It was to be verified in every plane. Long ago, the City had been the unrecognized goal of a blind instinct. First of all on the plane of material fact had that instinct worked its way out: Rome rose of mud, then brick, then marble—never merely to become ashes. Slowly, by the genius of those Romans, race unimagative, hard in action, grave in sorrow,

boisterous in pleasure—no subtle exquisite Hellenes of quick reaction from beauty-love to frivolity or despair—Roma Urbs became the world's centre as never had been Delphi. And behind the organism co-extensive, at last, with the known world, behind magistrates, legions, senates—at the heart of the Imperial power itself and stamping it divine—existed, and thence suddenly emerged the great *idea*, Rome's essence, her divinity. Even though the *gens togata* changed, in the long run, its dress; though the old speech of Latinus did not refuse to lend itself to what the thought of new Rome asked of it; yet the idea of the world-empire survived inseparable from that of City. *Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat*, sang the decadent poet; the city was omnipresent, all everywhere, informing the mighty bulk like a soul; and, like a soul, so dependent on the heart localized by Tiber that in the contemplation of the spirit we may never forget the body; the ideal will never suffer material Rome to lapse. And when the whole world, through Christ's incorporation with His Church, was lifted into the supernatural order, Rome too passed into her third way of being, in which by faith we see her, and than which she shall go no further when once she has arrived at the term of that last journey. And into it she passes, taking with her the material no less than the ideal; and in planes of sense and intellect equally with the divinest of all, she presents herself for our whole-natured acceptance. Not but what at rare times some who live by her life waver backwards; the spiritual sinks; the worldly struts in appropriate plumes, soon stripped, however, by the revival of indignant spirit: more rarely disincarnation is attempted; the organism of dogma or of polity are to be laid aside; but then the naked spirit evaporates. So truly Catholic is Rome, that directly her sons try to live any sort of life but that which "reaches mightily from end to end," and vivifies the whole man of body, soul, spirit, they die. The world is full of the wraiths and corpses of what once was Catholic because Roman. The only reality is Rome.

In consequence we are in position to revise our dictum. Unless we step outside reality, we cannot leave Rome to view her as a whole; and quite certainly we can never get above her. In material Rome there is the famous view, through ilex-arch on the Pincian, which includes, as does none other, a world-history. In the midst of the vast Piazza del Popolo stands the obelisk, diapered with hieroglyphics, reared by Augustus to the sun: beyond, towards Tiber, stands the mausoleum of that

Emperor's family, turned by the touch of modern magnanimity into circus-music-hall. And beyond that, Peter's dome floats in the sunset, and the house stands in which through periodic resurrection Peter lives to-day. There, as we said, is a world-history: Egypt, pointing one shrunken finger from the Amenti where her grey centuries are hidden; the tomb in which the conqueror of Egypt once lay, his ashes grateful for their dissipation before the new reign of vulgar silliness profaned their resting-place. And surviving it all, the bright cloud of St. Peter's, new symbol of the true Empire long since dedicated *Aeternitati*. But on the spiritual plane this view becomes impossible. Rome is a city set on the highest hill we have; and so, although we may leave her circuit, we can see, from without, only those huge walls and the roads that lead to them, and, on clear days, the cross upon St. Peter's dome that tops them. If we would really scan her contents, our only course will be to enter the walls and climb the dome and take our stand by that cross, and look around us; even then, there is one point that we cannot see, which is precisely that whereon we stand and thus hide from ourselves. There is always the ultimate hypothesis or *standing-ground*, of which we can only say that by Divine gift it is supporting us.

Of this faith-Rome, then, we make ourselves the citizen, knowing that it too is growing by gathering the world into itself in so far as itself is not yet fully realized. Just as through stern stress and battle were the old Romes of stuff and intellect brought forth, so our last Rome is still in the throes of the appalling parturition of the perfect Latium, true Holyland,—New Jerusalem as the city, when the struggle is really over, shall be called. "For thee, O dear, dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep," sang Bernard, knowing perfectly well that even to-day there is a sense in which we have no abiding city. Or, to return to the high thought of the *Caelestis Urbs* inspired by St. Peter's self, we, living stones, even though well in our place in that high fabric, need still the blows and bruising of the master's mallet before the perfect unity of each with each and all is complete. For even as in the hands of Augustus the old work of Romulus passed into a new idea and creature, even so by the hands of Romulus Augustulus (name of too truthful pettiness) the nobler unity was given over to the accomplisher of the great mystery spoken in Christ and His Church, the *καινή κτίσις* which is still groaning and travailing together.

Glorious things are spoken of the City of God, and the rush of the river of Godhead gladdens her throughout ; but that is written of what shall be, in the new unity and being of which thought cannot conceive. Till then we will be content to live as worked stones in a City mist-swathed still within and without, and amazingly other in her rugged aspect from the ultimate bridal town four-square and unblemished ; City of strength, already, but not yet Jerusalem of peace.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

Latent Catholicism in certain Oxford Writers.

A FEW weeks ago I found myself at the afternoon service at Farm Street. At a particular moment in the service it came back to me that this was what I had seen on a winter afternoon many years ago when, as a child, I had been taken for a few moments into the church. It was the first time I had entered a Catholic church. I had a dim vision of some awful iniquity, and it required all my faith in my mother, with whom I went, to account for our entering such a place. Yet the vision remained. Through all the years I could recall the white figures grouped before the altar, and the silver tinkle of the censer chains. So enduring and clear was the impression that when, long after I was received into the Catholic Church and I found myself at Farm Street, the vision of that scene of my childhood came back to me with as much vividness and reality as though it was but an impression of yesterday.

The thought of the strange persistence of this one incident so far away and so brief in my own life made me wonder what other influences there might have been insensibly to turn the hearts of so many of my fellows to the Catholic Church. For myself I knew no Catholic, and read none of their books, with two exceptions, and these had but a momentary or passing influence of attraction and repulsion.

What were the impulses and influences derived from non-Catholic writers that led us forward? How far were we, as undergraduates of Oxford, moved by writers in whom the underlying Catholic ethos of the University was to be found? It is as though the spirits and prayers of the pious founders and the multitudes of devout scholars of old times prevailed over modern thought, and year by year Oxford must needs offer a tribute to the Church to which she owes her origin and some of her greatest sons. It is not too much to say that the Catholic Church in England in our day has been greatly strengthened by the tribute of minds and souls great and little, famous and obscure, which Oxford has returned into the bosom of her mother. So it has been with most of us,

Oxford gave us the books that influenced our thought. She breathed into us the spirit by which we read and interpreted them. The books of our time, even when they did not directly come to us from the University itself, were greatly under Oxford influence. A home of lost causes, Matthew Arnold has called her. She is still more the renewer of paths to dwell in.

It was pretty to say that Oxford is the home of lost causes. But those causes are not always lost which men despair of, and Matthew Arnold, as he himself wrote of Clough, was a "too quick despaier." In truth a great University is like the Church whose spirit gave her the breath of life, she is a refuge in time of trouble for those old and great ideas which are, even in apparent defeat, stronger than the new. These at last returning with renewed splendour, drive away the evanescent, half wilful, half poetic fancies of the clever men of an hour.

Three writers greatly influenced our minds in the direction of the Catholic faith. These were Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, two of Oxford's representative products, and Browning, an adopted son of Oxford. It is notable that these writers were obviously influenced by that Catholic ethos of Oxford of which I have written. We often see with what ease Oxford converts breathe the atmosphere of the Church and enter into her system. It seems to me that as the artist dealing with objects that suggest or connote religious ideas seems obliged to assume the Catholic faith as an axiom, so do those writers in reality start from Catholic philosophy and thus unconsciously guide thoughtful readers back to Catholic truth and faith.

Although of the three writers mentioned there is more of a Catholic atmosphere in Browning and Ruskin, yet I think that Matthew Arnold was, as a guide to the Church, at once the most unconscious and the most effective of them all.

To our generation at Oxford he was the representative Oxford man, the writer who embodied the manner and thought of our University as it was from 1870 onwards. Newman had long since passed into the larger life of the Catholic Church. But Arnold was always at heart an Oxford man, all the more because he took the spirit of the University into the world and was only an occasional visitor. He was the fine flower of Oxford culture. Our living poet, more distinctly of Oxford than Swinburne, more widely read than Clough, he gained our ear by his verse and prose. Then he turned his mind to constructive theology. Two things he did with

his marvellous lucidity and a fine irony that has sometimes a reminiscence of Newman himself. He destroyed the Catholic theory of Anglicanism, and made us see the defects and even hopelessness of our position.

But I must justify these statements by some instances. For example, see how he laid the axe to the root of the Anglican theory of continuity with the ancient Church of these realms. In *Culture and Anarchy* he reminds us how that one Walter Travers was afternoon lecturer at the Temple when Hooker was Master. This Travers had disowned Episcopacy and was ordained by Villiers and Cartwright, who were

in like manner examples of Presbyterianism within the Church of England, which was common enough at that time (Elizabeth R.), but perhaps nothing can better give us a lively sense of its present trend than this history of Travers, which is as if Mr. Binney [a popular Nonconformist of Arnold's day] were now afternoon reader at Lincoln's Inn or of the Temple, and was to be a candidate favoured by the teachers, Benchers, and by the Prime Minister, for the Mastership, and were only kept out of the post by the accident of the Archbishop of Canterbury's influence with the Queen carrying a rival candidate.¹

Then Arnold went on to unfold his ideal of a Church which was, in fact, a State establishment devoid of dogma and discipline.

His ideal Church was a kind of royal mummy, odorous of the spices of culture in which it had been embalmed and fragrant with literary grace, but from which all living juices had been dried by the breath of the spirit of the age.

Thus having disturbed us greatly by mummifying the Anglican Church, he took a step further and attempted the same process with Christianity. I suppose that many of my readers will scarcely have heard of *Literature and Dogma*. Few people read it now-a-days. Yet when it appeared it made a considerable impression. I remember a well-known don handing me the book, and saying: "There, that is what you young clergy ought to read, and answer—if you can." We did read it, and it was one of the influences that led us on towards the Church. Arnold's solutions were so obviously empty. How could we preach this gospel of ghosts of opinion to our poor people? It failed, among other reasons, because it was not possible to imagine it widely believed, far less universal. But a

¹ *Culture and Anarchy*, p. xxxix. Edit. 1867.

little thought showed that it could not be believed at all with any vital faith, and here was the great service that Arnold did as he forced us to think of the difference between his metaphysics and those of the Catholic Church.

Arnold's "The eternal stream of tendency that makes for righteousness," was an attempt to substitute a metaphysical expression for a fact. Catholic philosophy endeavours to bring the fact a few steps closer to human intelligence. The Real Presence is one of the most important of facts to every Catholic personally, the explanations of the Church guided by the Holy Spirit help to bring it nearer to human understanding. But the philosophy is based upon the fact which is independent of it, and the soul that carries its griefs and fears to the Tabernacle is none the less helped because it understands no philosophical terms. Then we took a step further and asked ourselves, Is there any other Church save the Catholic in which divine truth, apprehended by faith, makes philosophy her handmaid? Do not the others, like Arnold, try to elevate metaphysical moonshine to the level of truth apprehended of faith and reason, by making believe very much? The natural inference drawn was, "If religion emptied of fact is so futile as it clearly is here in the pages of this clever writer, let us search for one where the truth is held fast."

From the moment that Arnold had made our foothold in the Established Church untenable, and had at the same time manifested his own powerlessness to construct, we had to move on.

This failure to build has overtaken every teacher of heresy. Thus we asked ourselves again, "Is the failure of Arnold singular: is it not true that such writers can assail our faith but can offer no substitute?"

This at least was clear, that he had shaken our position and had given us no firm ground on which to stand. But to justify our contention we must be able to recall some clearer evidence of the mind naturally catholic in our author. Well, here is a passage which is thoroughly characteristic, and yet surely an example of the spirit which Oxford infuses:

There is no better motto than these words of Bishop Wilson, "To make reason and the will of God prevail," only whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be over hasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and

it wants to be beginning to act, and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of development, and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action.

Knowing that no action or constitution can be salutary and stable which are not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and constituting even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and constituting are of little use unless we know how and what we ought to act and to constitute.

Can any expression of the sense of need of restraint, discipline and guidance exactly such as the Church gives, or of submission such as She demands from her children, be more complete and perfect? So the passage made us think on the need for authority, guidance, restraint.

But if we turn from Arnold to Ruskin, we shall find an influence making for the Catholic Church different in kind, but not less apparent. Indeed, in Ruskin the Catholic atmosphere is more predominant than in the others. He, too, had a mind naturally Catholic, and a lifelong repulsion from Calvinism. Ruskin's religious surroundings were identical with those of my own father, who was his fellow-pupil. The religious influences of Camberwell, as I know well, were due to the not uncultivated Calvinism of Thomas Dale and Henry Melvill, who in that suburb touched with poetry and eloquence the forbidding heresy which was the groundwork and foundation of their preaching. Thus while the Calvinistic influences of his childhood were sufficient to hold him back from the Church, yet they could not prevent his pages being suffused with the reflected rays of the truth, so that whenever he is not reminding himself to be in opposition to Catholic truth, we find the poetry and the severity, the grace and the asceticism of the Catholic Church on every page. It would be difficult to say exactly how great was Ruskin's power over us in this direction, but he represents the converging lines, of Catholic influence, the underlying ethos of Oxford, and of Italian art. We felt as we read him, as under his guidance we looked on the pictures of that Pre-Raphaelite school of painters he so greatly influenced, as though there was no other Church in existence. It seemed as we read and looked as if the Reformation was a dream: Catholicism was taken as a matter of course wherever the writers were unconscious of the fact that they were Protestants.

Ruskin is an instance of this in his appreciation of the true spirit of Catholic art and ecclesiastical music, and of the true aspect of the saintly and monastic life.

But to turn from general reflections to particular instances, Ruskin surely advanced from a study of Cathedral architecture and sculpture to a true conception of Catholic worship. Read the following passage :

Modern theologians (Protestant), with proud sense of enlightenment, declaim, in denial of these ancient imaginations (Cathedrals for worship), that God is everywhere. But [he goes on] if the promise of One who was greater than the Temple be fulfilled, and where two or three are gathered in His name there He is in the midst of them with a more than universal presence, how much more must it be fulfilled when many are gathered together in His name, and those gathered always and those the mightiest of His people. How surely, I repeat, must God be always with a more than universal Presence in the midst of these.

Surely there is here an adumbration of Pontifical High Mass in a Cathedral, of some great act of Catholic worship. Indeed, Ruskin himself had, as he acknowledges, drawings towards Catholicism, the only barrier being, as he himself says, the middle class and Protestant prejudice of his day, one voiced by that apostle of "upper middle class" religion, Charles Kingsley, that in seeking for perfection they were disobeying the laws of God when they withdrew themselves from direct and familiar duties. So Keble, forgetting that a truism is not always the truth, penned the lines about "the daily round, the common task," and tacitly condemned the ascetic life of thought and contemplation of which, when Ruskin forgot Peckham and its prejudices, he could write with such tender appreciation as he did of the monks of Chartreuse or the Anchorites, passages too long and too familiar to be quoted here.

But it was as much the atmosphere of Ruskin as his words which influenced some of us, and that powerfully, towards the Church.

The Catholic atmosphere in Browning's poems has never been noticed, so far as I know, but a close familiarity with his writings helps to make us at home in the Church. There is in his poetry a great gallery of portraits and scenes, which breathe that sense of being at home in church which one feels in Italy, that matter-of-course acceptance of the truths of religion which, among many gifts, is not common among English Protestants. For the English Protestant, his religion is always

something apart from ordinary life, like his Sunday coat. Browning's poems, long read and studied, made us feel no stranger to the outward life of the Catholic Church. The very variety of the types of the clergy depicted in his pages, from Bishop Blougram up to Pope Innocent, served to remind us of the Church as a world-wide institution, as the net that gathers in both good and bad. Then, here and there, Browning, with his insight into the human heart, and with, who shall say what inward drawings to the Church he lived as it were at the door of, has glimpses into the inner life and meaning of the ceremonies of the Church.

With the following passage from "Christmas Eve and Easter Day"¹ I conclude, for to it little could be added; the poet's puritanism here was no obstacle, for the vision of the truth had been his, and from him has passed into the minds of thousands; it is incomparably the finest passage in the poem, and is likely to cling to the minds of others, as it did to ours long after the rest was forgotten.

I view . . .
 The whole Basilica alive!
 Men in the chancel, body and nave,
 Men on the pillars' architrave,
 Men on the statues, men on the tombs
 With Popes and Kings in their porphyry wombs,
 All famishing in expectation
 Of the main Altar's consummation.
 For see, for see, the rapturous moment
 Approaches, and earth's best endowment
 Blends with heaven's; the taper fires
 Pant up, the winding brazen spires
 Heave loftier yet the baldachin;
 The incense gaspings, long kept in,
 Suspire in clouds; the organ blatant
 Holds his breath and grovels latent,
 As if God's hushing finger grazed him,
 (Like Behemoth when he praised him)
 At the silver bells' shrill tinkling,
 Quick cold drops of terror sprinkling
 On the sodden pavement strewn
 With faces of the multitude.
 Earth breaks up, time drops away,
 In flows heaven with its new day
 Of endless life, when He who trod
 Very man and very God
 This earth in weakness, shame, and pain,
 . . . Shall come again.

THOMAS DALE.

¹ Pp. 224—5.

Some other Christmases.

CHRISTMAS Eve sets most of us musing on the past, some mournfully and regretfully, some in a spirit of profound wonder and gratitude at the goodness and the mercy that have followed us all the days of our life to culminate in one more anniversary of the great fundamental feast of our holy religion. Perhaps those must feel this most deeply who have ever been infected by the heresy that denies the Divinity, while exalting the Humanity, of the Babe of Bethlehem, for their reflections must perforce include a profound sense of humiliation at the arrogance of that denial. But the thankfulness must always preponderate, because Christmas once meant so little, and is now so much.

I was thinking something like this as I sat at a casement window, opening, it is true, over roofs and chimneys; but looking above them straight out to sea. It was a glorious starlit night, warm for the time of year, and as I leaned out of the window and saw far away how a light twinkled now and then on a dim horizon I held my breath and listened to the silence humming and vibrating around me. Occasionally a tree rustled its leaves in the night-breeze, and the sigh of the sea came from afar, but these only punctuated the stillness and made it deeper. Gradually I began to forget the world around me; I looked into the vault of heaven and seemed myself to be floating in its depths.

And against this background, as I gazed and dreamed, a great panorama unfolded itself of things and scenes and people that I had never seen before.

First I saw a starry night under a brilliant Eastern sky, and the hills of Judea covered with a sprinkling of snow, and the muffled forms of shepherds seated on the ground watching their flocks, while one most brilliant and most lovely star stood stationary above the distant village that nestled among

the hills. And suddenly the whole sky was aflame with a blaze of dazzling light, and the bewildered shepherds sprang to their feet, only to fall prostrate before the sight and sound of the heavenly choir singing with unearthly sweetness the first *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

Then all grew dark again, darker and darker, and I saw into a low-roofed, confined space, presently lighted fitfully by twinkling lamps, and the steadier flame of two tall candles on a rude and rock-hewn altar, while all around were compartments cut in the rock and containing each an urn, that showed me I was looking into the bowels of the earth—a catacomb. And the faithful began to arrive—for the most part singly, seldom even in pairs—some hurriedly and with signs of concealment and agitation, others slowly, already rapt in prayer and the sense of the presence of God. And all in a moment one began to sing with that rich, round, rolling voice that can be heard anywhere in Italy to-day, and the rest joined in by degrees and the *Gloria* arose triumphantly, putting new life and new heart into all, even the most timid, for they knelt upright, instead of crouching, and gazed at the altar with kindling eyes. And as Mass was begun the singing continued until, as the great and terrible moment approached when the miracle of the Eternal Nativity is for ever re-enacted, it died into an adoring silence that could be felt.

Again the scene changed—and this heavenly scene-shifting was so perfect that I was conscious of no jar to break the continuity of the drama—and I saw a bare and dirty room with dingy walls and ceiling scarcely visible by reason of its height and blackness, for there was no light but the glimmer that came through a barred and narrow slit high up in the wall—and in the room a tall old man, with venerable white hairs, clad in a ragged gown that was quite inadequate to protect him from the creeping deadly cold of that damp and noisome cell. Nevertheless his face was cheerful, infinitely more so than that of the surly jailor who presently opened the door to admit two or three dimly-seen softly gliding figures that resolved themselves into thin and pallid men who looked more than half-starved both with hunger and cold, while their faces, too, were aglow with joy, their sunken eyes bright and clear, and their cautious movements eager. And the old man, when the surly jailor had gone, noisily locking the heavy door behind him, produced from some hiding-place of his own an altar-stone, two candles

and the sacred vessels, and began to say Mass ; and it seemed to me that the miserable cell became luminous with the intensity of the devotion in those tried and stalwart hearts on fire with love for that Lord whose prisoners they were.

But that, too, melted away, willingly as I would have longer contemplated it ; and now I saw a stately mansion standing within its own beautiful grounds, and bearing every sign of belonging to a rich and noble family that surely could command all that wealth can buy and power bestow. There was a splendid old hall with windows emblazoned with crests and coats of arms, with store of ancient armour and weapons, with ragged, drooping banners, that spoke of the prowess of dead and gone knights and barons, and where a little child of the house had gathered a heap of evergreens which she was joyously twisting and tying about everything she could reach, when a sour-faced man in the garb of a minister took them roughly from her and bade her begone, for that there should be no idolatrous mummery in that house. Frightened and bewildered, the little one crept away, crying softly in her fear of the man, and next I saw her soothed and comforted in the arms of a tall and beautiful woman who sat with her in a deep, high-backed chair before a glowing fire of logs, and rocked and murmured until the baby slept, while still the mother sat on, gazing thoughtfully into the heart of the fire, and smiling softly now and then as she looked down at the child she held and then up at a picture that hung above the tall mantelpiece and that represented the Blessed Mother and the Babe of Bethlehem painted by a great artist. And after a long while all the lights in the big house died out one by one, except the firelight in the room I watched, and even that burned low, and then I marked a stealthy movement as of shadows creeping through the grounds and more shadows moving within ; and the lady rose, and with the sleeping child still in her arms, joined the procession of shadows that moved along corridors and up a small and winding stair into a large, bare room whose heavy, low windows were masked in oaken shutters that obscured from the outer world any glimmering of the light within. For here, too, an altar was dressed, and with such loving care and such magnificence of jewelled splendour as to form a striking contrast with the dinginess of its surroundings. And when a priest rose from his knees before it—I saw that he was a young man, but pale and haggard, and he limped as one

who has received a deadly hurt—the vestments laid upon his shoulders were almost too heavily weighted with gold and precious stones for his slender strength to bear. He staggered a little, but smiled and recovered himself, and turned to the altar with a little reverence, as rejoicing at the burden laid upon him in honour of the Heavenly Victim. And Mass began, and was continued in almost total silence, the Mysteries unfolded themselves in dumb show, no singing was here where too loud a tone or too heavy a footfall might mean death for the officiant and for the assistants ruin and imprisonment. But it seemed to me that the air was vital with a devotion and a passionate intensity of prayer that made of the bare room, lighted only by the altar candles, an antechamber of Heaven.

The sound of a bell startled me. I looked to see the worshippers alarmed, but lo, there were none. I was merely gazing into the star-spangled sky ; and as the bell continued I came down to earth with something of the same shock of annoyed disenchantment with which one awakens from a delightful dream. And then I found I was very cold, my fire was nearly out, the candles guttering in their sockets—but the bell went on ; and all at once I remembered—it was calling us to Midnight Mass, where in happy security and open joy we might join the angels singing, *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*.

GILBERTE TURNER.

The Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Grail.

Ho for the Sangraal, vanished vase of Heaven,
That held, like Christ's own Heart, an hin of blood!

Hawker.

IN the course of certain desultory studies upon the later *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament which have occupied me from time to time during the last ten years, I have become more and more convinced that the topic deserves and would repay much fuller investigation than seems hitherto to have been accorded to it. My own enquiries have done little more than touch the fringe of the subject, whereas there is need of something thorough and systematic if we are to reach results of any permanent value. Still, such as they are, I believe that the conclusions at which I have arrived are sound, at least in substance. For this reason I have ventured to record them, here and elsewhere,¹ always, however, remembering that a more complete study of the available evidence may necessitate certain corrections or modifications of what has been previously written.

The present paper is itself of the nature of an appendix, and for the sake of clearness it will be desirable to begin with some brief statement of the views to which it serves as a supplement. So far as Catholic historians have concerned themselves with the development of our modern devotional attitude towards the Sacramental Presence, it has generally been taken for granted that the heresy of Berengarius is responsible for a new awakening of faith in the mystery of the Eucharist. No doubt the reaction following upon that heretic's denial of Transubstantiation may have served in general as a stimulus to piety, but the fact, as I have pointed out elsewhere, must not be

¹ See particularly *THE MONTH*, April, 1907, "The Early *Cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament;" *Ibid.* June to September, 1901, "Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament;" October, 1897, "Genuflexion at Mass;" October, 1905, "Our English Benediction Service;" the *Tablet*, October 19 to November 2, 1907, "The Elevation."

ignored that the beginnings of our modern devotion to the Blessed Sacrament can hardly be said to show themselves at all conspicuously until a full century after 1088, the year of Berengarius's death. The outward manifestations, of what we may conveniently call this later *cultus* of the Blessed Eucharist, may be summed up under certain main headings, and with the aid of a few dates it will be easy to make the matter clear.

ELEVATION OF THE HOST.—In our modern understanding of the practice, *i.e.*, as a raising of the Host after the consecration above the priest's head to be shown to the people, the first unmistakable reference occurs in certain Constitutions of Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris (1196—1208).¹ After that date and in the course of the thirteenth century, numerous synodal decrees prescribe that before the words of consecration are spoken the Host is not to be lifted so high as to render it visible to the bystanders for fear of their worshipping what was not yet the Body of Christ. This implies that it was the practice for the people to pay their adoration at that time, and in many cases it is explicitly enjoined that after the words of consecration have been uttered the Host is to be raised so that the people can see It and honour It.

THE INJUNCTION TO KNEEL.—The earliest decree formally prescribing this act of reverence to the Blessed Sacrament seems again to be a Constitution of Eudes de Sully (1196—1208). It is connected with the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. On the other hand, Pope Honorius III. in 1219 only requires priests to teach the people to bow reverently (*se reverenter inclinent*) when the Host is raised at the Elevation, or when It is carried to the sick.² Numerous later decrees prescribe not only the kneeling posture but the joining of the hands.

THE BURNING OF LIGHTS.—Undoubtedly candles were lighted before or upon the altar during the celebration of Mass from a very early date. Moreover, seeing that in isolated instances lamps were also burned continually before favourite altars or shrines or relics (the story of our English King Alfred will be readily remembered in this connection), it is highly probable that in a few cases a perpetual light may have been kept burning before the Blessed Sacrament. But the first attempt known to me to introduce this as a general practice is

¹ See *Tablet*, October 19, 1907.

² *Ibid.* November 2, 1907.

that of Abbot Eustace of Flay in the year 1200.¹ For any positive enactment enjoining this upon the clergy as a duty we have yet long to wait.²

PRAYING BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.—There is perhaps an instance of this to be recognized in a letter of St. Thomas of Canterbury,³ but it is not very clear, and we have something of the same kind in the *Ancren Riwe* (? 1200). Naturally, this feature of Eucharistic worship is not one that is likely to date itself automatically by finding any place in the decrees of Councils. As I have previously remarked in these pages, it seems to have developed but slowly, and this indeed again is what we should naturally expect. Visiting the Blessed Sacrament in an empty and silent church is not a form of devotion which appeals to the people at large, nor do we find it adopted at first by any but the more spiritually minded.

LOOKING AT THE BLESSED SACRAMENT on the other hand is an exercise which is much more likely to be taken up ardently by the rude and uninstructed, always supposing that virtue is believed to reside in this simple physical act. On this subject much has previously been said in these pages in my articles on Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. There can be little doubt that the eager desire to look upon the Host at the moment of the Elevation, led by degrees to the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in a transparent monstrance, to the practice of Exposition, to the compromise of the German "Sakraments-häusen," to the *Quarant 'Ore* and eventually to our existing Benediction service. Probably the only date which we can assign to the beginnings of this long development is that afforded by the introduction of the Elevation itself, *i.e.*, c. 1196—1208. If I am right in an explanation I have lately suggested for the "Low-Side Windows" found in many of our English churches,⁴ the date of some of the earlier of these windows (c. 1240) would indicate that the desire to look upon the Blessed Sacrament had already become a great moving force before the middle of the thirteenth century. Of course for the full elaboration of the promises made to him who on any given day had seen the Body of the Lord we have to wait until a little later.

¹ THE MONTH, April, 1907, p. 384.

² The early decrees on the subject seem generally to confine this recommendation to the richer churches, *e.g.*, Walter Cantilupe, in 1240 (Bridgett, ii. p. 96); or at Saumur in 1276 (Mansi, *Concilia*, xxiv. p. 159).

³ THE MONTH, April, 1907, p. 387.

⁴ See *Tablet*, November 2, 1907, p. 685.

The form preserved to us in Myrc's *Instruction to Parish Priests* may probably be traced to an original which belongs to the fourteenth century. As I shall want to refer to these promises later on, and as I have nowhere quoted them from Myrc before, I venture to set them down here, slightly modernizing the spelling. It will be noted that this is what the ordinary parish priest was directed to tell his people. Myrc seems to have regarded it as a piece of necessary instruction.

For glad may that man be
That once in the day may Him see.
For so mickle good doth that sight,
As St. Austyn teacheth aright,
That day that thou seest God's Body
These benefits thou shalt have surely,
Meat and drink at thy need
None shall thee that day be-gnede;¹
Idle oaths and words also
God forgiveth thee bo [both].
Sudden death that ilke day
Thee dar not dread withoute nay.²
Also that day I thee plight [promise]
Thou shalt not lose thine eye-sight;³
And every foot that thou goest then
That holy sight for to seen [see].
They shall be told [counted] to stand in stead
When thou hast to them need.⁴

SUPERSTITIONS.—I have no intention of making a catalogue of sundry abuses which, however devout the motive which originally prompted them, must to modern ideas appear irreverent and superstitious. But I have a reason for calling attention to one practice which we find prohibited by several authorities in the fourteenth century, and which very probably existed earlier. I refer to the custom of certain priests who, at the moment of the Elevation, pressed the Host against their eyes, before laying It down.⁵ Perhaps we may connect with

¹ *I.e.*, No one shall grudge thee meat and drink on that day.

² Thou hast no occasion to dread.

³ This throws an interesting light on a story told in the *Beschlossen Gart* of a German knight who, having his eye struck out in battle, picked it up and restored it to its place, saying that he had no fear of losing the sight of his eye, which had that day seen his Saviour.

⁴ Myrc, *Instruction for Parish Priests* (E.E.T.S.), 312—329. Franz, *Die heilige Messe im Mittelalter*, quotes the exact counterpart of these promises from a German writer of the fourteenth century.

⁵ See Nicholas de Ploue, *Expositio Missae*, and Walter de Pagula in Legg, *Tracts on the Mass*. I must own that in the Greek Church a similar custom formerly prevailed which was sanctioned and even enjoined by the highest ecclesiastical

this the practice of kissing the Sacred Host Itself instead of the altar when the kiss of peace was given, although in this latter case certain rituals seem to have approved the usage. These eccentricities cannot be precisely dated, but the former at least is probably to be connected with the exaggerated desire of seeing the Blessed Sacrament. The latter was prohibited in various synodal decrees of the thirteenth century.

EUCCHARISTIC MIRACLES.—Of course certain Eucharistic miracles, taking for the most part the shape of a transformation of the Host into human flesh or blood, to confound the sceptical and profane or to reward the faith of believers, are recorded from a very early date. One such makes its appearance for the first time in the eighth century *Life of St. Gregory the Great*, a work of Northumbrian origin, edited some few years ago by Abbot Gasquet. Another, also of English origin, and consequently of interest in connection with Abbot Ælfric's supposed denial of Transubstantiation, was quoted in the ninth century by Rhabanus Maurus. But at the close of the twelfth century and the beginning of the thirteenth, we suddenly meet with a multitude of such stories, many of them resting seemingly on good contemporary authority, identified with well-known personages, and clearly defined as regards time and place. I have elsewhere ventured the suggestion that the sporadic appearance of some bacillus, such as the well-known *bacillus prodigosus*, which in a remarkable way simulates the appearance of blood, and is easily generated in imperfectly baked wafer bread, may be responsible for some of the best authenticated of these stories.¹ Still, the time of their publication is very noticeable: two are mentioned in the exceptionally trustworthy *Magna Vita* of St. Hugh of Lincoln, who died in 1200.² Several more are related by Giraldus Cambrensis, the friend and contemporary of the Saint, in his *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, written about the year 1197.³

authority. St. Cyril of Jerusalem supposes not only that the faithful should touch their eyes with the Blessed Eucharist (It was at that period of course put into their hands) before consuming It, but also that after drinking the Precious Blood they should rub off with their finger the moisture still upon their lips and with It hallow (ἁγιάζε) eyes and brow and the other senses. (*Cat. Myst.* v. 22—23, Migne, *P. G.* xxxiii. 1126.) St. John Damascene, several centuries later, still describes the Christians, in receiving Communion, as placing It upon their eyes and lips and their foreheads. (Migne, *P. G.* 94, 1149.) There were other occasions when priests touched their eyes, e.g. with the Paten after the *Libera*, or with the fingers after the Ablution. See Franz, *Die Messe im deutschen Mittelalter*, p. 111.

¹ See *Life of St. Hugh of Lincoln* (Quarterly Series), pp. 506—510.

² *Ibid.* pp. 340—348.

³ Giraldus Cambrensis, *Opera* (Rolls Series), vol. ii. pp. 33—34, 122, 147, 163, &c.

A still more extensive collection is incorporated by Cæsarius of Heisterbach, both in his *Dialogus* and in his unfinished *Libri Octo Miraculorum*. These two books were compiled in the course of the first thirty years of the thirteenth century.¹ No doubt such occurrences continued to be reported during the two or three centuries following, but there seems to me to have been what we may perhaps without irreverence call an epidemic of these narratives, which first attracts notice just after the introduction of the Elevation of the Host.

Now the main point which I want to bring out in this very imperfect summary is the question of date. From every point of approach we seem to be referred to the development of a new attitude of mind towards the Blessed Sacrament, the first origin of which, so far as our literary records can help us, seems to be narrowed down to the early years of the thirteenth century. That there really was a considerable movement at this epoch cannot, I think, be seriously questioned. If any one doubts it, I would invite him to look carefully through the synodal decrees of the tenth and eleventh centuries as compared with those of the thirteenth and fourteenth. Working through these documents as they are presented in the pages of Mansi or Hefele, he will find that whereas in the earlier period there is hardly a reference of any sort to the Blessed Sacrament, in the later such references swarm. It may be said that after 1200 the care of the Holy Eucharist throughout almost all the Church became one of the most constant and immediate objects of solicitude. One feels at once that it is not surprising if within half-a-century the feast of Corpus Christi should have been instituted, and the processions of the Blessed Sacrament and Exposition seem to follow as a matter of course.

And now after this long introduction, I come at last to the more immediate object of this paper, to wit, the Holy Grail. It may be assumed that the reader is aware that a very considerable body of literature survives, both in prose and verse, dealing from various points of view with this romantic theme. Of such literature the most considerable and important part can be pretty accurately dated. Excluding possible Latin originals which have not been preserved to us, we know that Crestien de Troyes, the author of what is almost certainly the earliest pre-

¹ For further information on these collections of Eucharistic stories the reader may be referred to a paper by A. E. Schönbach which has recently appeared in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, 1907.

sentment of the story, died about 1181, and was probably writing most vigorously in the last years of his life. On the other hand the *Grand St. Graal*, one of the later developments, seems to be clearly quoted in the Chronicle of Helinandus, written about 1220; while the most important German poem on the subject, the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach, was composed about 1215, for the author died in 1221. We have, therefore, a period of about forty years, from 1180 to 1220, during which the Grail story, with all its confused and inconsistent developments, took literary shape, and it may be added that all this fits in well both with the age of our existing manuscripts and with the facts known of the lives of such writers as Walter Map and Robert de Borron, the reputed authors of much of this literature. But what concerns us most here is the reverential treatment, which in almost all the varying forms of the story seems to be accorded to that holy vessel, the Grail, sanctified by and in some confused sense identified with our Saviour's Precious Blood. Here we find repeated precisely those conceptions and those forms of veneration which we have just indicated as belonging to the newly-developed *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament. The fact is remarkable because the Grail stories seem, if anything, to have the priority in point of time. But this is obviously a matter which deserves to be looked into a little more closely.

It would probably add much to the clearness of this present account, if it were possible to give some intelligible summary of the various stories of the Grail, and in particular of the different conceptions which attach to the name. Let me say, at any rate, that if anything were wanted to show the absurdity of the claims made last summer in connection with a mysterious glass vessel hailing from Glastonbury, it would be the inconsistency and the plainly imaginative character of the various mediæval presentments of the subject. The Grail itself was as much a product of the imagination as the character of Sir Galahad. Admirable and elevating as this exercise of the imagination may have been both in the one case and in the other, it was not in this instance employed upon anything which could even properly be called a Christian legend. There is no trace of any object corresponding to the Grail in the apocryphal Gospels or similar records. All discussion concerning its origin is complicated at the outset by the difficulty of determining what the object itself really was. In the *Parzival* of Wolfram

von Eschenbach the Grail is simply a stone which was hallowed each Good Friday by a consecrated Host being placed upon it.¹ By Crestien de Troyes, in whose poem (c. 1180) we probably meet the word for the first time, we are told when we are introduced to this mysterious vessel in the castle of the Fisher King that, after a display of golden candelabra, "a young lady entered, carrying a grail in her hands":

Un graal entre ses ij mains
Une damoisele tenoit.²

This fact no doubt has largely weighed with the etymologists, who now-a-days seem agreed in accepting a conjectural word *cratalis* (cf. *crater* and the *crater* of a volcano), meaning a big dish for miscellaneous viands, as the origin of the form Grail. In any case we find that with the presence of the Grail there is continually associated the idea of abundance to eat and drink. The Grail is seen to move round the table from guest to guest, and each one's plate is heaped in generous profusion with all that he most fancies. Thus, in Lovelich's translation of the *Grand St. Graal*, we read how Peers brought the Holy Grail into the place where they had sat down to a meal,—

And so by virtue of this holy vessel
All the table was fulfilled well [*i.e.*, filled to the full]
Of all manner of viawnde
That heart could think or undirstonde.³

This property seems to have suggested a derivation of the word to the chronicler Helinandus, according to whom *gradale* was a dish upon which a variety of meats were arranged in steps or tiers (*gradus*).⁴ In some sort of accord with this the *Joseph of Arimathea* and *Grand St. Graal* inform us that the Grail was the *dish* employed to hold the paschal lamb at the Last Supper,⁵ in which vessel Joseph subsequently collected the Blood

¹ Hagen, *Der Gral*, bids us look to the East for the origin of the Grail, and quotes some remarkable parallels from the story of Prester John. See especially pp. 26—27.

² *Le Conte du Graal*, Edit. Potvin, vol. ii. p. 147, ll. 4398, 9.

³ Lovelich (Ed. Furnivall), Roxburghe Club Edition, Vol. ii., p. 247. Or again, we find in the French "et avoient mangiet à si grant largheche de viandes comme leur cuer pooient penser et leur bouches deviser;" *Ibid.*, Vol. ii., p. 117; Cf. *Ibid.* pp. 141, 250, 281—282; and in the *Queste del Saint Graal*, "tout ensi comme il passoit par devant les tables, estoient tout maintenant raemplis endroit cascun seige de telle viande comme cascuns desiroit;" (Furnivall, p. 13.)

⁴ See Nutt, *Studies*, p. 52, note.

⁵ *Queste del Saint Graal* (Furnivall), p. 240, "l'escuele u Jhesu Crist manga l'aiguel le jour de paskes."

from our Lord's wounds at the time of the taking down from the Cross. All this is obviously quite inconsistent with the commonly received idea which regards the Grail as the chalice employed by our Saviour in instituting the Blessed Sacrament. Strangely enough, this conception seems to be sanctioned by some of those same romances which definitely describe the Grail as a dish (*escuelle*). To complete the confusion, the English translator of the *Grand St. Graal*,¹ Henry Lovelich, goes out of his way to suggest a new but really quite impossible etymology of Saint Graal as "Sank Ryal" (*sang royal*, royal blood):

Thanne Joseph schewed them the holy disch anon
Wherynne that Sank Ryal was ydon,²

even though he has before his eyes in this very passage the explanation of the author of the *Grand St. Graal*, that it was called *Greal* because *il li gréoit*, i.e., because it pleased him, and pleased every one who beheld it. This interpretation, in fact, viz., that the Grail was so called because infinitely agreeable, is found in several of the romances, notably, in Borron's *Joseph of Arimathea*, and in the "Didot Perceval." The one constant element in the Holy Grail is its association with the Blood of Christ and the Blessed Eucharist. But at the same time even here there are certain variations. The lance from which blood drips, which in Crestien de Troyes' *Conte del Graal* appears at the same time as the Holy Grail, is not at first represented as having anything to do with the Blood of Christ, and in the Welsh romance of *Peredur* (=Perceval or Parzival) the dripping lance, which is again introduced, is seen in company with a charger in which is a man's head swimming in blood. Apart from the blood and the fact that it is a kind of dish, this charger seems to have nothing in common with the Holy Grail. On the other hand, in the *Grand St. Graal*, in *Perceval le Gallois*, and some of the later romances, the lance is explicitly recognized to be that with which Longinus pierced the Side of Christ,³ and the dripping blood is presumably the same as the Blood shed upon the Cross. However, neglecting these divergences, and

¹ "Bereits Robert von Borron lässt es ungewiss ob man die Schlüssel oder den Kelch des Abendmahls darunter zu verstehen habe." (Wechssler, *Die Sage vom h. Gral*, p. 15.)

² *Grand St. Graal* (Furnivall, &c., Roxburghe Club Edition), vol. i. pp. 211, 212.

³ *Grand St. Graal* (E.E.T.S.), i. pp. 78, 79.

accepting the fact that the Grail is to be recognized as in some way the receptacle of the Precious Blood, it is interesting to note how much the various romances insist upon the necessity of doing it honour, and how frequently we are brought into contact with ideas which either then or at later date became prominent in the *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament.

Let me begin with a conception which, so far as the Blessed Sacrament is concerned, does not attract much attention until a later period than the appearance of the Grail literature—I mean the benefits conferred by the mere sight of such holy objects as the Grail or the Body of Christ. Robert de Borron's poem, *Joseph of Arimathea*, might conceivably have been written as early as 1180, and it is quite unlikely to be later than 1210. Here the promise made to him who sees the Grail is of a somewhat general nature. He shall be of Christ's company, obtain his heart's desire and know bliss everlasting.

Tuit cil qui ten veissel verrunt
En ma compaignie serunt
De cuer arunt emplissement
Et joie perdurablement.¹

In the prose versions founded on the poem, this promise is further enhanced by such temporal advantages as the enjoyment of popularity in this world, impartial justice in all lawsuits, and victory in wager of battle.² Again, one of Crestien de Troyes' continuators, Wauchier, lays stress upon another sort of immunity. This consists in grace to triumph over all the snares of the devil and is given to any man for the day on which he has seen the Grail.

Car le diables ne decoit
Nul homme ki le jor le voie
Ne ne le met en male voie
Por faire pecié cremental.³

The German *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach (c. 1215) goes even further. When a man has seen the Grail he is sure not to lose his life either that day or for a week later. Moreover, he retains for long years afterwards the freshness and comeliness of youth, and hardly grows grey in two centuries.

¹ Weidner, *Der Prosa roman von Joseph von Arimathia*, p. 40. M.S. Paris 20,047, ll. 917—920.

² Weidner, *ibid.*

³ Potvin, *Le Conte del Graal*, vol. iv. p. 262.

The Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Grail. 627

Ouch wart nie menschen sô wê;
Swelches tages ez den stein gesiht,
Die wochen mac er sterben nicht.

Sach ez den stein zwie hundert jar
Im enwurde denne gra sin har.¹

It is probably in token of these marvellous effects that the Grail usually appears in a blaze of light. Thus Crestien de Troyes declares that the radiance of the holy vessel was such as to extinguish by comparison all the candles around it, just as the stars are extinguished when the sun or moon appears.² Let me add that the central idea of the Quest of the Grail lay precisely in the attempt to see it more fully and perfectly.³

Another practical conception which is expressed in many of the romances with much clearness is the desirability of praying before the Grail, or the "ark" containing it. Of course we must remember that any great relic was apt to be treated in this way, and that the mediæval mind did not scrutinize too closely the exact degree of external honour which it was fitting to pay to any object of *cultus*. Still, the veneration represented as being shown to the Holy Grail seems distinctly to anticipate that which we are now accustomed to show to the Blessed Sacrament, though such practices seem to have been less familiar then. Thus in the *Grand St. Graal* Joseph is instructed thus:

And each day thou shalt make thy genuflections on both knees before this ark and thou shalt say thy prayers in order to have the love of God thy Lord.⁴

So again, when Joseph of Arimathea and his company had come to England and were in conflict with the pagan inhabitants of the country, we learn that the Christians, after the battle of

¹ *Parzival*, Canto ix. § 469.

² Atoul le graal qu'ele tint
Une si grans clartés i vint
Que si pierdirent les candoiles
Lor clarté, com font les estoiles
Quant li solans liève ou la lune.

Potvin, *Conte*, vol. ii. p. 148, ll. 4403—4407.

³ The resemblance between the desire to see the Holy Grail and the wish to look upon the Blessed Sacrament has already been pointed out by A. Franz, *Die heilige Messe im Mittelalter*, p. 102; Cf. Michael, *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes*, vol. iv. 23 ff. 47 ff.

⁴ "Et chascun jour feres vos afflictions de double genoil devant chele arche et direz vos orisons pour avoir l'amour de dieu votre seigneur." (Furnivall, i. p. 38.)

the day, "went at night to the table of the Grail to return thanks to our Lord that He had so well succoured them against the King of North Wales."¹ Similarly, in the Montpellier MS. of Wauchier, we are told that Joseph treasured the Grail and laid it in a rich chest, and burned two great candles before it, which he lit every day, and prayed there in honour of our Lord's Precious Blood.

Josep qui moult chier le tint,
En un chier aumoire entaillié
A le Graal bien estuié;
Et ij riches cierges ardanz
Ot devant lui marveilles granz.
Et il chascun jor alumer
Aloit, et proier et orer,
Por la hautor et por l'anor
Du verai sanc Nostre Seignor.²

This idea of surrounding the Grail with lights meets us also in many other places in the various romances. Even at what we may call our first introduction to the mysterious vessel in the *Conte* of Crestien de Troyes, two squires enter first, carrying each a ten-branched golden candlestick.³ On other occasions, we hear of two mysterious hands, the bodies belonging to which are not visible, holding candles before the altar;⁴ or again, of angels bearing candles and censers, and ministering in other ways to the Holy Grail.⁵ What is perhaps more interesting, the *Queste* supplies a parallel for the direction expressed in so many synodal constitutions that at the sight of the Blessed Sacrament the faithful should kneel and join their hands. When the Holy Grail comes towards a certain bedridden knight, we are told that the sick man, on perceiving it, threw himself upon the ground and pressed his hands together.

Et si tost comme li chivalers malades le voit venir, si se laisse chaoir a terre, de si haut comme il estoit, et joint ses mains encontre.⁶

Afterwards the same knight expresses his surprise that Lancelot (who was in a deep sleep) never rose to greet the holy vessel. He must, he considered, have committed some great crime which he had never confessed.⁷ The sick knight

¹ Furnivall, *Grand St. Graal*, ii. p. 217.

² Potvin, *Conte*, iv. p. 344. Cf. Kempe, *Legend of Holy Grail*, p. x.

³ Potvin, *Conte*, ii. p. 147.

⁴ *Grand St. Graal*, vol. i. p. 72.

⁵ *Queste*, Furnivall, p. 226.

⁶ *Queste*, p. 51.

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 52.

had been cured by dragging himself to the altar or table on which the Grail stood, and there touching the table with his eyes. Still more directly bearing on the Blessed Sacrament is the account given in the *Grand St. Graal* of a certain mother who, having on her death-bed received Viaticum from a white box in which she kept the Sacred Host, gives the box to her daughter Sarracynte and bids her obtain another Host from a certain hermit priest, enjoining her to keep It continually in honour, and to pay her devotions before It. The priest will, she is sure, give a Host to Sarracynte also, in view of the life of peril she leads among pagans, in order that she may not be in danger of dying without Viaticum. Lovelich's translation represents the original with sufficient fidelity to allow me to quote it here.

And whanne that to you he hath It take,
Loke ye that an honest place therefore ye make
Youre Saviour to kepen inne daintily,
In a worshipful place and a privy.
So that for all living creature
Ye mown It keepen both saufe and sure.
And this white boist [box] take with thee—
For he himself gave it to me—
And into this boist thanne putteth¹ anon
Swich thing as he will therein don.
And whanne ye haven It in your keeping,
Looketh¹ that every day over all thing
That to this holy boist ye go,
And your devociouns doth thereto,
With weping and with sore sighing
With bonching [beating] on breast and repenting
Of all the sinnes that ye haven ido,
With high contricion, daughter, evermo,
And he wolde send you such grace and powere
Never other God to worshipen here.²

Two other points seem still to call for notice. First, we have a very remarkable indirect reference in the *Grand St. Graal* to the Elevation of the Mass, and seeing that that romance at the latest cannot have been written after 1218, and is probably considerably older, we find ourselves close upon the time when it was actively disputed in Paris whether the transubstantiation of the bread took place after the words *Hoc est enim corpus meum*, or after those spoken over the chalice.

¹ *Putteth, looketh, &c.* These are imperatives: "Put, look ye."

² *Grand St. Graal*, i. p. 182. This dates from c. 1210.

As I have shown elsewhere,¹ the Elevation of the Host after the *Hoc est corpus meum* was introduced as a protest against the theological view held by Peter the Chanter and others that the change in the elements only took place after *both* consecratory forms had been spoken. Anyhow, in the *Grand St. Graal* we are made to assist at the first Mass of Josephes, the son of Joseph of Arimathea, who had been consecrated by Christ Himself to be Bishop. The Mass is said within the ark (*arche*) which had been made to contain the Grail and the Grail Table, and which is now miraculously enlarged to admit of the ceremony. The idea of the ark is obviously borrowed from the Ark of the Covenant in the Old Testament. In this Grail Ark, we are told,—

Josephes made the first Sacring (*fist le premier sacrement*) which ever was done among that people. But he had very soon finished it. For he said nothing but those words which Jesus Christ spoke to His disciples at the Last Supper; when He said to them: "Take and eat, for this is My Body which shall be delivered to torment for you and for many people." And also He said over the wine: "Take ye all and drink, for this is the Blood of the new law, My own very Blood which shall be shed for you for the remission of sins." These words Josephes spoke over the bread which he found all prepared upon the paten of the chalice, as the story has described when it spoke of the altar which was in the ark. And when he had said these words over the bread and over the wine that was in the chalice, the bread at once became Flesh and the wine Blood; and then Josephes saw quite plainly that he was holding a child, and it seemed to him that the blood which came into the chalice had dripped from the body of the child.²

The story then goes on to describe how Josephes is reluctant to dismember the child which he saw before him, but is bidden to do so; and when by Christ's command he receives the portions left, he finds that the child's whole body is still there. All this shows that the writer took a keen interest in the theological controversies of the time, and, from the wording of the earlier portion, I have little doubt that he deliberately wished to identify himself with the party of Peter the Chanter and to represent that Transubstantiation only took place after both bread and wine had been separately consecrated.

On the other hand in the *Queste del Saint Graal* there is a

¹ *Tablet*, October 26, 1907.

² Early Eng. Text Soc. Edition, vol. i. pp. 91, 92.

passage which proves clearly that the writer, believed to be Walter Map, was familiar with the Elevation in the proper sense. Lancelot coming to Castle Corbenic is allowed to see the Grail, and finds a priest celebrating Mass. Sir Thomas Malory, in his *Morte d'Arthur*, has given what is a substantially accurate translation of the passage.

And before the holy vessel he (Lancelot) saw a good man, clothed as a priest, and it seemed that he was at the sacring of the Mass. And (as he was about to lift up the Corpus Domini)¹ it seemed to Lancelot that above the priest's hands there were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness (*i.e.*, the youngest in appearance) between the priest's hands, and so he lifted him up right high, and it seemed that he showed him to the people.²

Here we have a reference to the theology of the Holy Trinity, of which there are many similar traces in other portions of the Grail legend. But if the *Queste*, as it professes to be, is really the work of Walter Map—and I, for one, see no adequate reason to dispute this attribution³—this reference to the practice of the Elevation on the part of the Archdeacon of Oxford, the personal friend both of St. Hugh of Lincoln and Giraldus Cambrensis, becomes exceptionally interesting. It probably shows that even in England the Elevation proper was known at the beginning of the thirteenth century, for Map seems to have died not later than 1209.

This paper has already exceeded its due limits, and I cannot discuss some other allusions in the Grail romances which also have their bearing on the *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament. Of course the main point which all this suggests is the question whether the *cultus* of the Blessed Sacrament was stimulated and developed by the popularity of the Grail romances, or whether, on the other hand, this new attitude of mind towards the Holy Eucharist had for a long time been working in the hearts of devout and thoughtful men, and only found at last a convenient channel of expression in the allegorical romances of the Grail

¹ "Et com il eut lever *Corpus Domini*." I have put these words in brackets as they are omitted by Malory; but they are in the original. See Furnivall, *Queste*, p. 226.

² Sir Thomas Malory, *Morte d'Arthur*, Bk. xvii. cap. 15.

³ It seems to me that Mr. Nutt discards the possibility of Map's authorship a great deal too readily. The case, as presented in the *Dictionary of National Biography* for example, is really a very strong one. I am glad to notice that Miss Kempe seems distinctly to treat the view that Map was the author of the *Queste* as an ascertained fact.

cycle. In spite of the general priority in date of the Grail romances to the other testimonies which may be quoted for the extra-liturgical devotion to the Body of Christ, I may confess that it is the latter of these two theories which seems to me the more probable.

No doubt we may make some allowance for a possible action and reaction, but every now and again one stumbles across a fact which shows that in spite of the relative silence of contemporary literature, certain ideas must have been working, and, indeed, working powerfully in the minds of men. I had at one time thought that the practice of praying before the Blessed Sacrament in churches could not be traced further back than the fourteenth century, but the *Ancren Riwe*, and such a passage as that about Sarracynte quoted a little above, must prove distinctly that this conclusion was far too sweeping. The fact is, as was remarked at the beginning of this paper, that no systematic study of the question has yet been attempted.¹ The present article will have fulfilled its main purpose if it should help in any way to direct attention to this neglected field of research.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ In reference to the "epidemic" of Eucharistic miracles referred to above, and connected with the closing years of the twelfth century, it is noteworthy that even if the stories in the Cistercian *Exordium Magnum* are untrustworthy as having been committed to writing at a much later date, a few isolated miracles of the kind undoubtedly belong to the early part of the century. I may refer to one in the Life of St. Elizabeth at Schöngau. This must be older than 1150 (Migne, *P. L.*, vol. 195, p. 140.) The mention of the dove is interesting, and recalls the dove which brought the Host to the Grail in *Parsival*.

A Half-Hour in the National Portrait Gallery.

THE top floor of the Portrait Gallery is a very quiet place. The casual visitor finds there a solitude that faintly echoes the sound of his footsteps, and custodians that seem glad of the sight of their fellow-men, so welcome is a little life and movement in this silent habitation of the past. Londoners and sightseers in London agree to ignore it: sometimes there are a few foreign visitors or a couple of Americans that flit through restlessly; no one stays long. Conversations begun in the rooms below soon languish here, as though rebuked by the stillness of the place. Roaring London is left behind, forgotten, and he whose soul has been vexed by its tumult may here find place for contemplation—or for slumber.

Now-a-days when we are becoming accustomed to the stream of historical monographs and biographies, when ample illustration is deemed indispensable, and the material confirmations of history are so much in vogue, it is strange that these upper galleries should be so generally ignored, for they contain a pictorial record of no small interest and value. Here are men and women of English history from Edward III. to George II. The Tudors and the Stuarts are the most dramatic figures in that story; their faces, costumes, and characters are the most familiar to the public, for everyone knows Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, Charles II. and Cromwell. Here, too, are Shakespeare and Bacon, Milton and Bunyan, Peterborough and Marlborough, Swift and Pope, Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, with many another of whom we read. And the pictures themselves, though not masterpieces, are by no means to be despised, for Holbein and Van Dyck, Lely and Kneller, are worthily represented. What, then, is the reason for this almost complete neglect? Is it because reproduction in the books has made us heedless of the original portraits? It would seem to be so, for heedlessness is a characteristic of this present day.

In the small room (No. II.) devoted to the Tudor Sovereigns and their most eminent subjects, we meet with a group of royal ladies, and the first glance raises the question: What did our ancestors mean by *beauty*, for they boasted a good deal, in the memoirs and chronicles they have left us, of the beauty that dwelt amongst them? Nearly all these princesses, for instance, were highly praised for beauty by their contemporaries. By modern standards, this verdict in almost every case would be instantly and decisively reversed. What, then, are we to make of these claims? Was there a conspiracy of adulation, or was taste deplorably bad, or did the artists libel their fair sitters? Beauty exists, we are told, in the eye of the beholder, whose name (and variety) is legion. "She's not to one form tied," and after all the artist is not to be held responsible for the aspect of his picture in the eye of any given beholder. The painter's vision, moreover, whether it be adequately realized or not, is almost always superior to that of the ordinary spectator. The question, we see, is complex, and each one must find his or her own solution. We own ourselves perplexed; sometimes we lean to one explanation, sometimes to another; we end by adopting all three with bland impartiality.

The first portrait before which we pause is that of Anne Boleyn. Painted in a hard flat style, it probably gives a truer impression of its subject than, for instance, the stolid and unintelligent-looking "Queen Anne Bullen" of Holbein. On her lips is a hard smile; here, too, the oval face, the small mouth, the thin lips, the side-long glance that are familiar in the portraits of her daughter. It is difficult to believe that this was the woman whose "beauty, talents and accomplishments" made her for a time the belle of the French Court. It is easier to read there the story of the pert maid of honour, the coquette and *intriguante* who knew how to beguile and amuse, but not how to keep, her terrible husband.

Comparatively modern in style, with some of the manner, if not the finish, of a miniature, is a small circular canvas (or is it a panel?) of Lady Jane Grey. It is interesting, in so far as comparison is possible, to compare this "authentic" likeness with the presentation of that ill-fated lady in the noble and moving "Execution of Lady Jane Grey," by Delaroche, now in the Tate Gallery. The great French romanticist embodied the tradition of her beauty in an image of fair and delicate loveliness, while in this portrait by Lucas de Heere we have a

face that is fair indeed, but noble rather than beautiful. The features are fine and regular, set off by the fair hair parted underneath a "Mary Stuart" cap. The brow is that of a scholar, the gaze calm and direct, the chin firm, the lips compressed with something of masculine decision. Compared with the women who surround her on this wall—Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Margaret of Scotland, Mary of England—she is at once regal and beautiful, the fine flower of her race.

The four portraits of Elizabeth dominate the little room. At once we glance back to Anne Boleyn for comparison; physically she is an intensification of Anne, owing little to her father. The result is perhaps the most potent solvent of the Good Queen Bess legend that the wit of man could devise. Elizabeth confronts us in her wonderful and sumptuous robes, stiff with gold, laden with pearls, blazing with jewels. They were bold men, those painters, who in an obsequious age could be so frank about a divinity; and we can hardly doubt the truth of their respective presentations of their august sitter, for though her age and aspect are different in each portrait, yet there is an essential identity of impression too manifest to be mistaken. They have ruthlessly set before us the frigid coquette without grace, without charm, without any quality that could evoke admiration or sympathy. In the first, by the Dutchman Marcus Gheeraedts, she is older than in the other three, cunning and shrewish, with a flicker of a smile at her lips. The second is startling in its utter hideousness. The unknown painter has depicted her in sombre magnificence of black and gold, with a rose held lightly in her tapering fingers, but in a manner so stiffly and strangely unnatural as to emphasize every defect—the mean little eyes, the cruel mouth, the great beak-like nose, dwarfing all other features. Against a background of dull red the smooth oval face has the pallor of a corpse, and is surmounted by a wig so ugly and so clumsily placed as to convey the impression of total baldness. Indeed, as we gaze at this repellent portrait, it seems, in its *ensemble*, to be not so much the semblance of a living woman as of some gorgeous and sinister idol.

By contrast, the Cardross portrait is the least displeasing of the series, either because of the brilliant richness of the costume, or because her aspect is less forbidding. She is younger here, and has a touch of rouge in her cheeks; she wears a diadem, too, and her coiffure, this time more successful, is studded with

pearls. We note the omission of the hands, unusual in a portrait of Elizabeth.

The last, attributed to Federigo Zuccherò, showing the Queen with orb and sceptre, and wearing a dress of old gold and grey embroidered with pearls, at once reminds us of the full-length *Zuccherò* at Hampton Court. This portrait presents Elizabeth in middle life, older than in the second and third, younger than in the first. Instead of regal pride, there is a self-consciousness that seems to solicit our admiration for the woman. She has rouged her lips, too, and has done her best to transform that thin hard line into a veritable cupid's bow.

It is impossible to pass by Elizabeth without speaking of Leicester, who hangs beside her in the corner. His features are aquiline, almost handsome, marred by a touch of coarseness at the mouth, yet there is a certain distinction in his bearing. He wears a high collar, ruff, and doublet so pointed as to give the effect of a corset; his plumed cap is stuck jauntily on the side of his head, and, as he stands with hand on hip, he seems to bid us remember what a dashing fellow was "the proud Earl of Leicester" at Elizabeth's Court.

A distinct surprise is Essex in a white satin doublet, and wearing the ribbon of the Garter. The long hair and full beard lend him an unexpected gravity of aspect, and his calm gaze belies his fame as the choleric and arrogant favourite of the Queen's declining years. There is here no indication of what he is remembered for—the hare-brained insurrection, or the preposterous courtship that preluded it. If we did not know him, we should say he was a great Minister of State.

The "supposed" portrait of Mary of Lorraine shows us a dainty little lady, obviously French, in an effective costume of black and white, and after Elizabeth it is a relief to find her pretty. It is perhaps a somewhat childish prettiness, but a second glance reveals ample intelligence in the large blue eyes. And indeed it must have been so, for the Guises, whatever else they lacked, did not lack intelligence and force of character, and she was a worthy daughter of her famous house. After years of strife against the open violence of the Lords of the Congregation and the perfidious diplomacy of Elizabeth, she died beleaguered but unconquered in her last fortress. There is a resemblance to some of the portraits of Mary Stuart—though hardly sufficient to justify the ascription by the former owner of the picture—and we do not say, as you would expect, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior!*

"The greatest comes behind," and it is the greatest disappointment, yet a disappointment familiar to all who have gazed upon the "original" portraits of Mary Stuart. It is in her case above all that we experience the difficulty of reconciling the testimony of the artists with the testimony of all the most competent observers of her day. For these all declared that she was the most beautiful woman of her own and of all time, and we know how she cast a spell over all who ever knew her; yet, though desirous of believing, we can only find in her best portraits a long, fair, oval face, a straight, lengthy nose, and narrow brown eyes whose glance is subtle and baffling. What these painters cannot give us is the vital thing—expression, the revelation of the mind and soul in the face. It would have been a task for Leonardo or Luini to give us the real woman, for nothing short of perfect mastery could seize and place upon the canvas the secret of that mysterious fascination. In the Hatfield and Hermitage portraits there are traces of an indefinable charm, but in almost all the others there is nothing that according to our standards can be pronounced beautiful, nothing to explain her all-compelling power.

This portrait, painted by Oudry in 1578 during Mary's imprisonment at Sheffield, is the hardest possible test of our loyalty. She is dressed in black velvet with the familiar cap and veil; the figure is ungainly, the features decidedly ugly—a hard forehead from which the hair is drawn tightly back, a long high nose set crooked across the face, small furtive eyes, a firm chin, a mouth harder than Elizabeth's. The execution of the picture is, however, so bad, and the whole representation so harsh and displeasing, that we are inclined summarily to dismiss it as a libel.

In the other picture, a poor copy of the "*Deuil Blanc*" portrait by Janet (François Clouet), the face is fuller and softer, the nose straight, the lips curved, the expression amiable. But there is an absence of all distinction, of anything suggestive of a strange and remarkable personality, above all, of anything that would warrant the fond nickname of "The Queen of Wine and Honey." The painter, we think, must have known that he was confronted by an enigma that he could not solve, and content to be crudely literal, thought to evade a problem that would have baffled a deeper insight and a surer technique than his own.

JAMES DWYER.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

A Page of Secret History.

AMONGST the many strange performances to which the appearance of the recent Encyclical has given occasion in our press, it will be hard for any other writer to outdo a contributor to the *National Review* for November, who, by adopting the title "Junius Romanus," evidently claims special information concerning things Roman. He proceeds to tell us "The Secret History of the Papal Encyclical," a story so remarkable that it would be a pity not to give our readers the opportunity of enjoying it.

Those who are behind the scenes, says our informant, and "have had a glimpse of infallibility in the process of manufacture," find the reality a good deal less magnificent than the appearance.

The document which claims to be a spontaneous condemnation of error by the representative of God on earth, is seen to be the issue of a series of backstair intrigues, the *coup* of the victorious party in one of those vulgar competitive struggles between religious orders which have occupied so large a place in the history of the Catholic Church. The Pope himself is seen to be the tool of men much more clever and less scrupulous than himself.

In brief, what happened, according to this well-informed chronicler, was this. Pius X. was known to be deeply attached to the Dominicans, to whom, as Patriarch of Venice, he had shown marked favour. "Now the Jesuits and the Dominicans do not exactly love one another," and the former incorrigible schemers desired to destroy the credit of their rivals. To do this they got hold of the Franciscans, between whom and the Dominicans there is a traditional jealousy, which arises, partly from their ancient opposition on the question of the Immaculate Conception, which the Franciscans for many centuries wished to have dogmatically defined, while "the Dominicans, following St. Thomas, opposed it as a heresy,"—and partly from more

sordid motives, the Dominicans, by going to the Holy Land, having interfered with the Franciscan monopoly of the Holy Places.

Here was the Jesuits' opportunity :

They are not as a rule on good terms with the Franciscans (are they on good terms with any one?), but minor differences must be sunk in presence of a common foe. An offensive and defensive alliance was formed for the purpose of ruining the Dominicans and rescuing the Pope from their influence.

The result was achieved by a notable piece of strategy.

The Jesuits selected some of their penitents who could be absolutely trusted [but nevertheless would seem to have told "Junius Romanus" all about it], and instructed them to become the penitents of Dominicans. The pious detectives gradually wormed themselves into the confidence of their new directors, and obtained a large amount of information about their words, actions, habits of life, the books they read, the persons they frequented, and so on. From this material a report was prepared and placed before the Holy Father; it was probably a little coloured—at least one may say with certainty that no detail likely to damage the Dominicans was minimised. In any case, it profoundly shocked the Pope, who ordered a further inquiry, with the result that he was more shocked still. The Dominicans were finally thrust into outer darkness.

"Among the crimes of Dominicans was that of being tainted with 'Modernism,' and accordingly the Mephistophilean tactics of their enemies were crowned with success in the issue of the fulmination against 'Modernist' ideas."

Such [says "Junius Romanus"] is the inner history of the Encyclical *Pascendi dominici gregis*. It marks the achievement of the aim for which the Society of Jesus has so long been working, the conversion of the papacy into an absolute despotism, with the Society of Jesus as the power behind the throne.

Such we would rather say is the unmitigated nonsense which the Editor of a magazine, professedly serious, can print, and by which a number of his readers have doubtless been terribly shocked, as another, and irrefragable instance of the workings of Jesuitism.

A minor, but interesting and instructive instance of how anything is considered good enough to supply a gibe, when the Pope and his officials are concerned, is furnished by a "Roman Catholic" correspondent of the *Guardian*, a specimen of the

class whom, as we recently observed, would never be guessed to be Catholics were they not so labelled. Speaking of the writer to whom was committed the actual composition of one portion of the Encyclical, this critic says :

The writer has evidently enjoyed himself, and has spared nothing to enhance his enjoyment, even to fitting such abominable slang as "caught on" to the sacramental doctrine enunciated by his opponents.

But how, it is obvious to ask, was English slang, abominable or otherwise, introduced in a document written entirely in Latin ? The original, thus not very felicitously rendered in one version which has appeared, was *Verba quae vulgo fortunam dicuntur sortita*. Will it be said that this is abominable slang, affording sufficient evidence how the writer was enjoying himself ?

J. G.

Herbert Spencer amongst the Prophets.

Not long ago Mr. Lloyd-George described the foremost champion of militant Nonconformity as "the man who stood between the child and the priest." What particular advantage this arrangement was to the child, he did not stop to explain, nor did he tell us how many of the children or the children's parents wanted Dr. Clifford there. But the description was intended and was taken as a compliment, although Mr. Lloyd-George's audience would hardly have applauded the man who should stand between, say, the scholar and the teacher, the patient and the doctor, the client and the lawyer, or again, the child and its father, intrusions, in unprejudiced eyes, just as commendable as that ascribed to the worthy Dr. Clifford. As a person claiming to be invested by God with supernatural powers in the exercise of a mediatorial office, the priest is, of course, highly objectionable to the Nonconformist, whose creed knows nothing of Sacrifice or Sacramental system, and so long as the latter is sincere in his belief, it is his right and duty to keep his children from sacerdotal influences. But he should be the first to recognize the duty and the right of others, who believe the priesthood to have been divinely instituted as a channel of the highest spiritual blessings, to bring their own children within the reach of such influences. The sacerdotal system is not demonstrably so evil and pernicious a thing, such a solvent of character and such a bar to progress, as to justify forcible interference with those who think it is beneficial. If there

be any Nonconformists who take this extreme view of the immorality of the priesthood as an institution, let them listen to an impartial and unimpeachable authority on sociological questions, the late Mr. Herbert Spencer, who actually asserts that a hierarchical Church of some sort is a necessary condition of human advance. His words, considering his religious standpoint, are so extraordinary that we shall quote them in full—

Less marked, perhaps, though still sufficiently marked, is a modification in my ideas about religious institutions which, indicated in my later books, has continued to grow more decided. While the current creed [Christianity] was slowly losing its hold on me, the sole question seemed to be the truth or untruth of the particular doctrines I had been taught. But gradually, and especially of late years, I have become aware that this is not the sole question.

Partly, the wider knowledge obtained of human societies has caused this. Many have, I believe, recognized the fact that a cult of some sort, with its social embodiment, is a constituent in every society which has made any progress; and this has led to the conclusion that the control exercised over men's conduct by theological beliefs and priestly agency has been indispensable. The masses of evidence classified and arranged in the *Descriptive Sociology* have forced this belief upon me independently; if not against my will, still without any desire to entertain it. So conspicuous are the proofs that among unallied races in different parts of the globe progress in civilization has gone along with development of a religious system, absolute in its dogmas and terrible in its threatened penalties, administered by a powerful priesthood, that there seems no escape from the inference that the maintenance of social subordination has peremptorily required the aid of some such agency.¹

It would seem, then, that according to the great English philosopher, the maintenance of social subordination, which is the opposite of social anarchy, is being seriously threatened by Dr. Clifford and his friends, whose one aim is to weaken, if they cannot quite abolish, sacerdotal influence, whether Catholic or Anglican, in England. These reflections of Spencer's were amongst the last he made, and represent, therefore, the fruits of a lifetime of observation into the social conditions of progress. The philosopher himself was not biassed in favour of ecclesiastics: one remembers his native commendation of Charles Kingsley: "He is a capital fellow: I might with propriety say, a *jolly* fellow. We met at a picnic. No one would suspect him of being a clergyman!"

¹ *Autobiography of Herbert Spencer*, vol. ii. pp. 466, 467.

The Worship due to Images.

The columns of the *Tablet* have recently been the arena of a prolonged conflict between rival theologians as to the essence of the Catholic teaching regarding image-worship. The correspondence, closed finally by editorial *fiat*, was as ineffectual and unsatisfactory as such literary encounters usually are, for the point at issue soon became obscured by the dust of personalities and recriminations. An observer at a distance, the Rev. Father Hull, S.J., editor of the *Examiner*, Bombay, with the calm and clearness which his position ensures, provides us with the means of reconciling the various views expressed. After stating the abstract doctrine, which is simply that of common sense, viz., that reverence is paid properly by one person to another, that it varies in species according to its personal object, and that it can be extended to things because of their connection with persons, but only relatively or analogically, being determined specifically as before, he says that the question really turns on how this abstract doctrine is applied in practice. Within orthodox limits, he explains, the manner of application will vary considerably, according as intellect or feeling preponderates in a given character. To take the extremes as examples, the wholly intellectual person will regard the material object simply and solely as a means of recalling to mind the person it is associated with, and once it has effected its purpose, that object will pass to all intents out of consciousness. It is as it were transparent, and the reverence goes through it straight to the person worshipped. Here, obviously, the *cultus* of the material thing is at a minimum.

On the other hand, and at the other extreme, the wholly emotional, whilst still mentally recognizing the essentially material and relative character of the thing, regards it, by a sort of make-believe, as a deputy for the person represented, and reverences it under that aspect alone. Thus will a lover fondle the glove of his mistress, as if it were her own fair hand itself, though he would think the thing worthless if it belonged to any one else. The material object is for the nonce identified with the person it belongs to. In this case the *cultus* of the external thing is at its maximum.

Both these points of view, though extreme, are lawful, and of course different temperaments, or the same at different times,

will range through the whole interval between them. According to one's own temperament one will be apt to interpret the teaching of theologians; still, it should be recognized that no single abstract formula will suffice to cover entirely the whole practical bearing of the doctrine. The question is fully discussed, with Father Hull's usual lucidity, in the *Examiner* for October 19th, and the whole question of image-worship and idolatry is keenly analyzed in his *Theosophy and Christianity*.

Reviews.

I.—THE NATURE OF APOLOGETICS.¹

FAITH, according to the teaching of the Catholic Church, is not the conclusion of a syllogism which the human mind can draw with the aid of its own natural light, but is a divine gift, depending on a divine light and imparting a certitude surpassing all certitude of the purely natural order. This much too is involved in the language of the New Testament, which invariably speaks of faith as a gift of God. On the other hand faith with its attendant certitude, though not resting on a process of human reasoning, must be conformable to it, since otherwise to believe would be an irrational act, such as God could not demand of one on whom He had bestowed a reasonable nature. Hence by the side of the act and habit of faith there must be present or at least accessible to the mind "motives of credibility," in other words reasons which go to justify, and even to command the *obsequium fidei*, the obedience of faith; and the science, or branch of inquiry, which investigates these Motives of Credibility is "Apologetics."

Several interesting questions arise in connection with this investigation, and it is these which Père Gardeil discusses in his *Crédibilité et l'Apologetique*;—and these also to which he confines himself, for his book is not itself a treatise on Apologetics. In the first place as to the precise nature of the relation between the Act of Faith and its preamble. This is treated, and excellently treated, in the first two chapters, the explanation being materially assisted by a correlation of the phases of the

¹ *La Crédibilité et l'Apologetique*. Par le Père A. Gardeil, O.P. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

Act of Faith with the phases of intellect and will in the genesis of every "human act," namely, intention, election of means, and carrying into effect—a correlation illustrated by a useful diagram. Next comes the important question of the degree of certainty requisite in the motives of credibility. It is a question of grave difficulty—for on the one hand, the Church has condemned the opinion that probable motives suffice, and has done so for obvious reasons, since to believe on the ground of merely probable reasons would be to believe, and at the same time to feel that truth might be on the side of disbelieving; and on the other hand, how can the motives which, in fact, bring to the Faith and keep in the Faith many of the poor and simple, be called certainly true and sound? Much has been written by theologians of different schools with the object of reconciling these apparent opposites, nor would all take the same view as Père Gardeil. But he has done this part of his work very well, and has set forth with great clearness a detailed solution of the difficulty, which in our judgment is convincing. One must distinguish the motives of credibility required by the Church as a whole for the justification of her faith, and those which suffice for individual minds unable, through defect of education, wanting or misdirected, to grasp the full force of the motives which are convincing and irrefutable in themselves. The motives of credibility appertaining to the first of these two cases must be conclusive in themselves, as in fact they are. The motives appertaining to the second case must be relatively certain, that is, such as to produce moral certitude in the mind of the person drawn by them, and what is deficient in their speculative value must be supplied for by aids of another kind. The author considers the case of these latter very carefully under three headings, those, namely, of persons who are ignorant and uninstructed; of persons educated in other respects, but who have not the capacity to think out questions of religious belief and are the victims of a scepticism which, though not systematized into any speculative theories, is prone to doubt about everything unseen; and of persons who have systematized their ignorance into theories consciously entertained which deny the absolute value of all and every objective proof. The author acknowledges explicitly that as constituting this third class he has in view the adherents of the philosophy of immanence, though why he should confine it to them is not apparent. The first two cases, though he discusses them separately, are

amenable to considerations of practically the same order, this order being that of moral affinity for the truth, of the *veritas vite*. Though otherwise the influence of the will on the judgment is disturbing, in two respects, the author says justly, it tends towards the discovery of truth; namely, when the truth before the mind has a moral bearing, and when it has a supernatural bearing. "The habit of sincerity, the hatred of falsehood, the aversion for illusory ends, and the love of true ends," impart a clear-sightedness to discern an object which is truly moral; and so, too, does "a habit of correspondence with the Divine promptings sharpen the intelligence with a reserve of light to discern a truth of the supernatural order hard in itself to admit, or dim it to the false lights which lead others astray." Thus it may be that persons of this class, though unable intellectually to weigh facts and principles in the scales of judgment to which more subtle minds would need to submit them, are able to gauge better than these the full force of arguments of a simpler kind. And then, again, there is the further consideration common to the case both of the ignorant and the learned, that, namely, of the Divine and supernatural light which we believe, and indeed feel, to be the eventual motive rendering possible the act of Divine faith, and constituting it in an order of certainty which nothing can shake, as long as those who have received it remain faithful to grace, and to the loving submission to God's will which even unaided reason dictates.

In the third "book" or division of this small volume, Père Gardeil is occupied with Apologetics. He insists strongly on accuracy in defining its scope—as the science of the preparation of faith not of theology—and he complains that for the want of this accurate definition the entire relation of faith to theology is constantly misapprehended, such misleading terms as Fundamental Theology have been admitted, and subjects have been admitted into the syllabus of the traditional apologetics which do not properly belong to it, such subjects being the Divinity of Christ, and the three *Loci Theologici*, Scripture, Tradition, and the Church. That the author is right in his definition of Apologetics would be generally admitted, and it is true that, this granted, a portion of the matter generally found in the books treating of Apologetics is strictly speaking intrusive. But it may be fairly pleaded on the other side that reasons of practical convenience justify the prevalent

arrangement of the treatises. Although, strictly speaking, it is not necessary for the Apologetic argument to prove that Christ was God, but only that He was the Ambassador of God, it is considerably strengthened by the accession of proofs that He was Himself God the Son; and whereas some portion of the treatises, *de Scriptura*, *de Traditione*, and *de Ecclesia*, must come in, it may be convenient to complete them then, and so dispense with the necessity of returning to them afterwards. The name, too, of Fundamental Theology may pass, if one remembers that it means by Theology, not theology in the strict sense in which it contrasts with revelation and builds on it, but theology in the broader sense in which it denominates the entire system of subjects which the theologian must learn.

We must not allow ourselves to lengthen this already long book notice, and must be content to say that along with the traditional Apologetic, the author describes and passes judgment on these three kinds of subjective Apologetic—the Pragmatist, the Moral, and the Fideist, and that he is resolute in rejecting the Apologetics based on the Philosophy of Immanence.

2.—OLD CHURCH FURNITURE.¹

Volumes from Messrs. Methuen's series of "The Antiquary Books," by the Very Rev. Abbot Gasquet and others have already been favourably reviewed in this magazine, and Dr. Cox's account of *English Church Furniture*, with its numerous illustrations, good method and varied erudition, will be fully as welcome to the amateur antiquary as any book of its class. For though architecture pure and simple be the queen of the material arts, yet who does not know the feeling of disappointment at visiting some ancient church and finding that the stonework throughout the building is either restored, or so thoroughly scraped, that it seems impossible to distinguish old work from new in the time at our disposal? But on many such occasions we may find a font, or a screen, a piscina, a chest, a *misericorde* or some bench-ends, which fully repay the pains which the visit has cost us. With Dr. Cox's volumes in hand or at home, the student of antiquities may soon acquire a delightful competence in diagnosing the distinctive features

¹ *English Church Furniture*. By J. Charles Cox and Alfred Harvey. London: Methuen. "The Antiquary Books," 1907. 397 pp. and 121 illustrations. 7s. 6d.

of such church fittings. The nature, use, history and development of the various articles are succinctly described. The finer examples are noted, often illustrated, and there are valuable lists of the churches in each county where other specimens may be seen. Moreover we find up and down a fair number of those out of the way snips of information, which we have come to expect from a well-informed antiquary. Thus we read that of the seventy-six Devonshire screens of whose removal or destruction we know the date—"the great majority occurred in the nineteenth century," the last instance being as late as 1897, the year 1869 being singularly disastrous. Over the ravages of the restorer, let us sadly draw a veil.

The shortcoming which will evidently be found with a book like this, is that its lists, praiseworthy though they be, are still a long way short of being complete. Moreover, we would add that the references to works of deeper scholarship are hardly as full as might be desired. The account given of the "Easter Sepulchre," for instance, not only leaves many peculiarities of those structures unexplained, it also fails to tell us how to carry our researches further.

3.—THE LIFE OF THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES.¹

In these days of two-volume biographies about nonentities one can but admire the skill and restraint with which Miss Allies has compressed into a single octavo of two hundred pages an account of the long and interesting life of her father. It may be that the fact of his having himself described in *A Life's Decision* the most important event of that life, his conversion to the Catholic faith, deprived his daughter of what would have been material for many chapters. Still, we meet many in the narrative fuller acquaintance with whom we should be desirous of making. Chief amongst these is Mr. Allies' wife, that coy beauty whose wooing is described in a very human document indeed, the diary of the young Anglican curate whom she had captivated. This diary makes clear incidentally the wisdom of the Church in instituting clerical celibacy, for poor young Mr. Allies was in a very distracted frame of mind until, after many alternations of hope and despair, he won his bride. She was

¹ *The Life of Thomas William Allies.* By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d.

worth winning, for she was the light of his life for over half a century; her sincere practical spirit is indicated in several passages, as when she thus describes her wedding in her diary: "The Bishop of London settled our hash for us," and when she remarked to her husband after her baptism in May, 1850: "Now you are a heretic, and I am not." That reproach was removed four months later when the young Anglican Rector gave up for conscience sake a valuable living of £600 a year, with house and garden, to face poverty and obscurity in London. He could have found little solace in his pastoral duties amongst a population wholly sunk in ignorance and materialism. He was endeavouring, we are told, one day to set before a dying parishioner the delights of Heaven. "It may be all very well, sir," replied the old man, "but Old England for me!"

Mr. Allies spent fifty-three years as a Catholic, doing valuable work for the faith in England by his long tenure of office as Secretary to the Poor School Committee, and for the Church at large by his monumental work, in eight large volumes, on the *Formation of Christendom*. Emphatically, his good deeds live after him. That our elementary education is as good as it is is largely due to his foresight in advocating the training colleges, whilst his writings will continue, as they have done in the past, to bring light to many anxious minds. The book is enriched by several valuable letters of Cardinal Newman's on points connected with the great *History*. This was finished in 1895, when the historian was eighty-two years old, but he lingered on for seven years more in great bodily debility, and tried by the successive deaths of his wife and many of his children and grandchildren. He ended a life devoted to God's service, full of pure enthusiasms and unselfish endeavour,—*per crucem ad lucem*—in June, 1903.

4.—CATHOLIC RECORD SOCIETY.¹

Much valuable and interesting matter is printed in this handsome volume. The most considerable separate item is the concluding portion of Father Persons' *Memoirs*, edited with a translation from the original Italian by Father John Pollen, S.J. It is full of curious details about life under the penal laws in the

¹ *Catholic Record Society*. Vol. IV. *Miscellaneous*.

years 1581—1584. Mr. Gillow, *à propos* of Lord Burghley's map of Lancashire, a facsimile of which forms the frontispiece, gives biographical details regarding the county families mentioned thereon. We notice a slight inaccuracy on p. 179. Stonyhurst Hall was not presented to the Society of Jesus by Cardinal Weld, but by Thomas, his father. The younger Thomas, however, was present as the representative of his father, when the Liège exiles took possession in August, 1794. Registers of various Catholic chapels are printed, and a list, with biographical details, of the earliest members of the Bar Convent, York, and many shorter papers of interest. A very full Index enhances the value of this volume.

5.—ST. MARTIN OF TOURS.¹

St. Martin of Tours is, and always has been, so popular among the readers of Saints' Lives, and those devout to their memories, that one wonders little at finding a vigorous life-like study of him in Lecoffre's well-known series, "*Les Saints*." Not less than 3,662 parishes, we hear, are dedicated to him in France alone, and nearly five hundred towns and hamlets. Children all the world over are given his name at christening, showing that their forefathers were once everywhere devout to him. One of the strongest indications of his ancient popularity is the use in all languages of the word "chapel." This is derived from the *cultus* of his cope, or cape, which the Frankish Kings carried everywhere before them, even to battle, and on which sacred oaths were administered. So the structure in which it was kept became widely known as the "capella," a word soon extended to any sacred structure of small size.

When we look into the history of the Saint, and into his influence on his times, we see much to explain this wide popularity. From the first a chivalrous soldier, impetuous in kindness, he became a great Bishop, a father of his flock, and in a certain sense the Apostle of France. Sulpicius Severus has left us a useful biography of the man, who played in the history of his country so important a part, that there is a fair store of memorials of him in contemporary monuments,

¹ *St. Martin*. Par Adolphe Regnier. Paris: Lecoffre. 1907.

even though the age was barbarous, and its written records rare. M. Regnier is a well-read, terse and vivid writer, who knows how to illustrate the life of the Saint, by the history of the times. The volume is well worthy of the interesting series of which it forms a part.

6.—SOME RECENT SPANISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE.¹

Messrs Gili, of Barcelona, send us a batch of their recent publications, of which the general average is distinctly high.

Padre Fray Diego Murillo, O.S.F., is a name but little known at this time and in this country, but in Spain at the middle and close of the sixteenth century, the heroic period which produced St. Theresa, St. John of God, and so many other great spiritual writers, Fray Diego was held in such honour, that the title Venerable was at once after death popularly attached to his name by acclamation. His *Instruction and Spiritual Ladder* was one of his best-known writings, and this is now reprinted by Fray Jaime Sala, of the same Order, who adds an interesting Preface. Fray Diego's volume is in itself a library of spiritual reading; formal, no doubt, methodical and scholastic, not a book for a beginner, nor for a hurried reader. But those who appreciate the old masters of the spiritual life, will rejoice in its solid reasoning, its sterling piety, its large and comprehensive scope. One is glad to see that there is a demand for the reproduction of such scholarly works.

The eloquent Bishop Paláez writes sanely and forcibly on the *Importance of the Press*. We English Catholics are few and scattered, and the problem of the press presents itself quite differently to us and to the numerous Catholics of Spain. The possibilities of Catholic journalism are there considerable, and the need for organization is great. The Bishop gives us twenty-one chapters on the growth, the importance, the power, the wealth, &c., of the press, treating the matter with much fulness of detail from every point of view. His words should bear

¹ P. F. Diego Murillo, O.S.F., *Instrucción y Escala Espiritual*. 2 vols. (12 pes.)
La Importancia de la Prensa. Por D. A. López Peláez, Obispo de Jaca.
 (2.50 pes.)
La Comunión frecuente y diaria. Por el R. P. J. B. Ferreres, S.J. (1 pes.)
Caracteres del Anarquismo en la actualidad. Por Gustavo La Iglesia, segunda edición. (5 pes.)

much fruit at home, and they may certainly be read with interest and profit everywhere.

Father Ferreres' commentary on the Encyclical of Pius X. concerning *Frequent and Daily Communion* is the fullest and most thorough that we have yet seen. The author goes into the history of the practice, prints or quotes the various decrees, enumerates the Indulgences, and expounds clearly the precepts laid down by the Pope. A book much to be commended to those who have the care of youth, and indeed to any one who wants to go into the subject seriously and thoroughly.

Señor La Iglesia writes on *Anarchism as it is*, with a thoroughness and wide knowledge that at once command respect. Socialists and Anarchists are notorious lovers of grandiose but vague phrases, and vast, unpractical, but dangerous projects. Our author, on the contrary, while covering a very wide area, is accurate and reasonable and restrained both in his constructive and in his destructive arguments. A good handbook on a modern subject which is of importance to everyone.

These volumes are all well printed, and turned out at very reasonable prices. Better still, the method of quotation is everywhere precise and scholarly. The paper and stitching, however, are poor.

7.—CATHOLIC HYMNS AND BENEDICTION SERVICES.¹

The Pope's rescript on church music has greatly stirred Catholic musical quarters in this country and in America. Masses, motets, editions of Plain Chant are being published in such numbers that we shall soon rival Germany's output of modern church music and new editions of Gregorian.

The question arises, how does the work of our ecclesiastical composers compare with that of the Germans? Broadly speaking, we think it compares favourably with it, though we hasten to add this is not very high praise. When a demand for art work suddenly arises and is complied with, works of genius or even of originality are likely to be few and far between. Take

¹ *Catholic Hymns and Benediction Services.* By S. P. Bamford. London: Cary and Co., Oxford Circus Avenue, W.

Mass of St. Bruno, Requiem Mass, and Mass of St. Gregory. By R. R. Terry. London: Cary and Co.

Church Music. Autumn number. (Philadelphia). London: Burns and Oates.

for example some of the recent publications sent us by the enterprising firm of Cary and Co. The verdict of nine out of ten unbiassed critics upon them would be expressed in such a phrase as "Useful and Unobjectionable." The Mass in Unison by Mr. Terry, and his Requiem Mass for four voices, and the collection of Hymns and Benediction Services by Mr. Bamford, are fairly described in such a formula. They are, however, to be recommended until men of more original mind appear and devote themselves to the composition of simple and easy church music. Mr. Terry's Mass of St. Gregory is a more ambitious effort, and we have pleasure in congratulating him upon the *Kyrie*, which is graceful and melodious. The first and last movements of the *Gloria*, on the other hand, are jerky and ugly; the *Credo* is restless and suggestive of strain; the other movements are good examples of the composer's work. Taking Mr. Terry as one of our representative composers in this branch of music, and comparing him with a typical German in the same branch, we say without hesitation that the Englishman has the keener sense of beauty.

The autumn number of *Church Music* could be recommended if it contained nothing more than the first article by the Prior of Solesmes; but there is much else of interest in the number. The Prior deals with the important subject of Gregorian rhythm. Another article is on the art of accompanying Plain Chant. The examples given are satisfactory; but in our opinion Plain Chant is best unaccompanied.

Short Notices.

THE Encyclical on Modernism will occupy for a long time to come the attention of the clergy and the educated laity, and they will need to have constantly by them the text itself of this important document. In two forms now before us this is furnished. First, there is the official English translation, published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, and priced at twopence. It is not exactly the same as the translation given in the first instance by the Catholic papers, but is this carefully revised. It is nicely got up, and is provided with a serviceable Index. Secondly, there is a French edition, published by the *Librairie Catholique Emmanuel Vitte*, which contains, arranged in parallel pages, the original Latin text, and a translation by the Abbé Elie Blanc, both of the Encyclical *Pascendi gregis*, of September 8th, and of the Decree of the Holy Office, *Lamentabili sane exitu*, the Decree to which the Syllabus of July 4th was attached. It is well to have both these documents within the same cover, for they deal with the same general subject, and throw light on each other. This edition has also its Index attached, but in this case it is not a simple Index, but a very careful Index *raisonné*. It is priced at 1.50 fr.

Judaism, by Israel Abrahams, M.A. (Constable and Co., 1s. net), aims at presenting "in brief outline some of the leading conceptions of the religion familiar since the Christian Era under the name Judaism." It is written with much earnestness and from the standpoint of an orthodox believing Jew, a standpoint not easily intelligible to the Christian mind. The author seems to accept the extremest "higher critical" results, viz., that "the religion of Israel passed through the stages of totemism, animism, and polydemonism," and only arrived at "ethical monotheism of the universalistic type" at the end of its development, that the sacred records were re-written in accordance with later beliefs, etc., etc. He asserts that but for St. Paul's hostility to the law and assertion of Christ's Divinity, which shocked Jewish monotheism, Judaism might have absorbed much of the teaching of Jesus. He ascribes

the permanence of Judaism to a conviction that the Covenant of Jeremiah—"This is the Covenant which I will make with the House of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord ; I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it" (xxxii. 33)—pointed to the state in which the race found themselves after the loss of the Temple and destruction of the nation. After an account of Jewish theology and ethics, as clear as their unsystematized condition allows, he discusses the relation of Zionism, or the re-establishment of the race as a nation in Palestine, with the Messianic hope. That hope still lingers and is operative, though, in the opinion of the author, it is very difficult to assert now-a-days whether Judaism expects a personal Messiah or not. Though the Christian must consider the author's inferences from historical facts as utterly wrong and misleading, this account of the religious ideals of the most wonderful race on earth cannot fail to be found both interesting and instructive.

A Book of Noble Women, by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), contains a strange mixture of the heroic and the ordinary. It begins fitly enough with Jeanne d'Arc, whose claim to the title the whole world will allow, and includes such great names as Mary Queen of Scots and Marie Antoinette, but why should the names of the Brontës, or Mrs. Browning, or Fanny Burney, or Dorothy Wordsworth, examples all of common domestic virtues no more remarkable than adorn a thousand homes, be linked with such illustrious companions? *Que vont-elles faire dans cette galère?* The author is a non-Catholic, and therefore not wholly capable of understanding the Catholic spirit: ludicrous misconceptions, for instance, about the Jansenist heresy, underlie the account of Mère Angélique. But there is pleasant reading in these sixteen Lives, and, we may trust, no conscious unfairness. The book is tastefully produced, and adorned with portraits of the various celebrities dealt with.

In the verses that she quotes at the beginning of her own collection of poems—*The Quiet Hour* (Peter Reilly, Philadelphia, 80c.), Miss Logue implies that, like Mr. Lloyd Mifflin, their author, and, we may add, like a better known poet, one Tennyson, she only sings because she must. Well, the world has no reason to quarrel with that o'ermastering lyrical impulse, for the little poems are sweet and graceful descriptions of various emotions. What people will object to, we fancy, is Miss Logue's not very successful experiments with the accepted

sonnet-forms. Father Matthew Russell, S.J., contributes a discriminating Preface.

Mrs. William O'Brien has already shown us in *Under Croagh Patrick* that she has quick observation and a graceful style. In *Rosette* (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net.), she employs those qualities in a work of fiction, which we suspect is to some extent reminiscence. The story is told by the heroine, a French Protestant girl, and describes domestic and school-life in Paris, and, after a financial crash, a career as a teacher in a Dublin convent school, the interior of an Irish home, a conversion and a vocation; a thoroughly bright, wholesome tale.

So prone is good purpose to deteriorate unless constantly renewed that many of those who seek perfection in the world or in Religion are wont to revive their fervour periodically by a day of greater recollection and prayer. Such persons will find *Meditations for Monthly Retreats* (Benziger, 5s.) an admirable means to this end. Three meditations for each month of the year, clearly and devoutly elaborated in the usual way, are provided, covering the whole ground of Christian perfection. Though primarily, like the *Imitation*, intended for Religious, by a little accommodation they can be made to suit life in the world as well: the eternal verities are the same for both.

Father Proctor's *The Catholic Creed* (Art and Book Co., 3s. 6d. net) has now reached a third edition, which shows that the hearty welcome we accorded it on its first appearance in June, 1900, was not undeserved. That welcome we cordially repeat, wishing the treatise continued success in breaking down the barriers of ignorance and prejudice that keep so many from the true Church. The printing is not so good as we look for from the Art and Book Co.

The Ecclesiastical Year (M. H. Wiltzius Co., New York) is a translation of Petz's *Katholische Kirchenjahr*, with omissions and additions to suit Catholic customs in the United States. The scheme of the work is to explain the feasts into which the year is divided, and then the Mass and the Sacraments and finally the sacramentals. The whole exposition is brief and clear, and an Index makes the little book useful for reference.

Delecta Biblica (Longmans, 1s.) are passages from the Vulgate Old Testament arranged by a Sister of Notre Dame so as to teach Latin to beginners according to the analytical method. That is, the grammar is to be deduced by oral tuition from the text, the translation of which is presumed to be

familiar. We think the method a sound one, as applied by an intelligent teacher, but would rather the Vulgate had not been chosen, for three reasons—because it is not well to make Holy Writ a lesson-book except for moral training; because the Latin is often not classical, and the child will learn the proper idiom, if at all, as an exception; and because the Old Testament narrative is not in reality familiar to children, who generally read it in abridged forms.

Three beautiful little books for children, all connected with our Lord, and all written by a Religious of the Society of the Holy Child, reach us from Messrs. Benziger, price 2s. 6d. each. *The Miracles of our Lord* narrates in easy language, with abundance of illustration, the great wonders wrought by Christ, and points out their moral. But, is a dislocation of the jaw resulting from yawning¹ correctly diagnosed as lock-jaw? *The Friends of Jesus* is concerned with those lucky persons who were admitted to the intimacy of the Incarnate God. *The Gift of the King* describes everything connected with the institution and celebration of the Holy Eucharist. They are all well calculated to make children realize the character, work, and surroundings of our Blessed Lord.

One of the consequences of the Branch Theory of the Church still held by numbers of devout Anglicans is that the latter feel themselves free to make use of the spiritual treatises of the other "branches." It is sad but true that St. Augustine, Thomas à Kempis, and St. Francis of Sales would regard as simple heretics many of those who feed their souls on the *Confessions*, the *Imitation* and the *Devout Life*. But they would not, we may be sure, begrudge them any spiritual benefit they might derive from such perusal. Their hearts would be full of pity for their sad plight, shut off from the great means of grace and deaf, though inculpably, to the voice of those who speak in the name of Christ. These thoughts are inspired by the issue, in Messrs. Methuen's Library of Devotion (2s.) of St. Francis' *The Devout Life*, translated by the Rev. Thomas Barns, M.A. It is really a beautiful and scholarly edition and is introduced by a sympathetic Life of St. Francis which, but for a touch here and there, might have been written by a Catholic. The translation of the book itself is annotated with much explanatory and illustrative matter, showing a wonderful acquaintance with purely Catholic writings both dogmatic and ascetical, for one in the author's

¹ P. 19.

position. We are happy to give this edition of *The Devout Life* our most cordial recommendation.

The New Guide to the Holy Land, from the French of Father Barnabas Meistermann, O.F.M. (Burns and Oates, 7s. 6d. net), is a compact little volume of 600 odd pages, attractively bound and furnished with many excellent maps and plans. It contains all the usual guide-book information, historical, archæological, and practical, and, in addition, much concerning the Catholic traditions about sites, institutions, &c., which cannot be expected elsewhere. The competence of the author for the work is indicated, not only by his long residence in Palestine, but by a series of studies on topographical questions which he has issued from time to time. This is an ideal guide-book for the Catholic pilgrim, and also, as the Bishop of Salford points out in his Preface, for the Catholic Bible student.

During the twenty-three years in which it has been in existence, Father Augustus Lehmkuhl's *Moral Theology* has been subjected to the test of constant use in hundreds of seminaries. The venerable author has profited in new editions from time to time by various suggestions and criticisms that have reached him, so that his volume has become in clearness of exposition, excellence of arrangement, and soundness of doctrine, wellnigh a classic. The larger work in two volumes has now reached a tenth edition. The *Compendium*, in one, was first issued in 1886, and the fifth edition now lies before us (*Compendium Theologiæ Moralis: editio quinta emendata et aucta*. B. Herder, Friburg, 10 francs). The additions include of course the recent legislation concerning Frequent Communion and the forthcoming alterations in the Church's marriage laws, and, in other respects, it is thoroughly up to date.

The multiplication of text-books of Scholastic Philosophy and Theology has long been a sign of the times, and the bitter hostility recently evidenced against the system, even within the Catholic body, has no apparent effect in diminishing the output. But it has the excellent result of making the scholastic writers more and more alive to the necessity of facing modern questions and dealing with them on their merits. We find this mental alertness in the *Tractatus de Vera Religione* of Professor G. Van Noort, of the Seminary of Warmond, in Holland, who discusses and exposes fully the modern German attacks on Christianity, and, moreover, treats with great clear-

ness the subjective methods of Apologetic so much advocated lately, showing how far the method of "immanence" is useful and where it becomes objectionable. The whole treatise evidences wide and careful reading. The same qualities mark the author's *De Deo Uno et Trino*, where again questions of the day, about the Existence and Nature of God, are ably handled. C. L. Van Langenhuysen, of Amsterdam, publishes both these treatises at 3'20 and 3 francs respectively. They are models of good and careful printing.

From Esztergom, in Hungary, come two volumes of a *Cursus Brevis Philosophiae*, by the Rev. G. Pécsi, D.D., Professor of Philosophy in the Seminary of that town. These treat respectively of Logic and Metaphysics, and of Cosmology and Psychology. A third volume, completing the work, is promised for next year. We shall be glad to see it, for the Professor has a lively style and brings great freshness of view to bear upon the stock questions of his treatises. In the Prefaces to both volumes he proclaims himself, with great emphasis, a Neo-Scholastic, and openly ascribes the disrepute in which scholastic philosophy had for a long time been held to the Thomist school, adding, lest the point should escape us: "Thomistae sunt philosophi ex ordine Praedicatorum." This, then, he sets out to prove in set terms, but far be it from us to interfere in a question of this sort, especially as the polemic is followed up all through both volumes. It is enough to say that Professor Pécsi has the courage of his convictions. Not only the Thomists suffer, but the scientists as well. He disputes many of the great principles of modern science as formulated, *e.g.*, the Laws of Motion and of Conservation, and Transformation of Energy, not taking them, we venture to think, in the ordinary scientific sense. Furthermore, his own scientific equipment is rendered somewhat suspect by unqualified remarks like the following (on the irrationality of brutes): "Jumenta non possunt educi ex stabulo ardenti. Alligator (crocodylus), in aqua tam periculosus et audax, in terra ab infante occidi potest." (vol. ii. p. 153.) But the whole work is very stimulating, especially his "new branch" of Cosmology. It may be obtained from Messrs. Burns and Oates, at 5s. per vol.

Yet another edition, the sixth, has appeared of Father Victor Cathrein's *Philosophia Moralis* (Herder, Friburg, 5½ francs), frequently noticed and praised in our pages. It forms the last of the six volumes on Philosophy written by Fathers

S.J. *in usum scholarum*. The same author issues through the same publisher a German treatise on the same subject, *Die Catholische Moral*, written in a less formal style, and covering not only Moral Philosophy, strictly so-called, but also the whole Christian apologetic. We wish it all the success which the author's writings on Socialism have had in Germany.

Messrs. Lethielleux, of Paris, send us a *Theologia Moralis* in four volumes which has reached its fifth edition. It is written by Canon Haine of Mechlin, Professor of Theology at the University of Louvain, and is edited by the Rev. F. Bund, D.D. In this subject novelty of matter is impossible, and novelty of treatment undesirable. We find these volumes admirable in arrangement and very clear and sound in doctrine.

Another, and of course more popular treatment of moral questions is to be found in Père Janvier's Lenten Conferences at Notre Dame, which have now reached the fifth volume—*Exposition de la Moral Catholique*: (Lethielleux, 4 francs). The two last deal respectively with *La Vertue* and *Le Vice et le Péché*, matters which are treated with all the force and eloquence that characterizes the best French oratory.

Persecution does not lessen the literary activities of the great French Church, whose clergy are especially active in the work of apologetic and exegesis. Père Lanier, of St. Sulpice, publishes (through Beauchesne et Cie, 3 francs 50), *L'Evangile*, a useful chronological study of the discourses and teaching of our Lord, interspersed with explanatory notes and analytical headings. A colleague of his, Père Fillion, author of the *Life of St. Peter* in "The Saints" series, issues by means of the same publishers at 3 francs, a study of *St. John the Evangelist*, which displays much knowledge of the critical question centreing round the Fourth Gospel, the authenticity of which he ably vindicates.

Leçons de Théologie Dogmatique (Bloud et Cie, 5 francs), by M. L. Labanche, Professor at the Paris School of Catholic Theology, gives another instance of the steady and calm industry of the French clergy, whilst the heathen rage and the peoples devise vain things. It deals with Man, unfallen, fallen, restored, saved, and lost, and claims to be amongst the first books to treat of theology in the vernacular, so as to reach the intelligent laity. The great stress it lays upon the Catholic understanding of the Evolution of Dogma should give much help to modern minds perplexed.

A book which will be acceptable to all clients of our Lady,

most of all to Religious under her especial patronage, is a volume of meditations, entitled, *Marie dans sa Vie et ses Vertus, son culte et ses fêtes* (E. Vitte, Paris, 3 francs 50).

The folly of the recurrent attempt to separate morality from dogma, which is the aim of the French Government and other secularists, receives a calm and effective exposure in *La Morale de l'ordre* (Belin Frères, 2s. 6d. net.) of M. Jaques Rocafort, Professor at the Lycée St. Louis, Paris. Like all good Frenchmen, he is alarmed at the spread of crime amongst the young as a result of godless education, and he shows how it is the necessary consequence of depriving morality of the sanctions conferred by religious belief.

The difficulty of Moral Theology arises from the vast amount of positive law which has to be retained in memory for its effective knowledge. Relatively speaking, the principles involved are few and clear and once one has a firm grasp of them, a little thought will generally suffice to apply them correctly. Hence, the utility of books like Bishop Stang's *Medulla fundamentalis Theologiae Moralis* (Benziger, 4s. net), the second edition of which we have received. It could be read through in no long time, and it would revive the memory of the rational foundation, on which a great part of the science of conduct rests.

Ecclesiastical Law and Practice in Missionary Countries (Art and Book Co.), by Mgr. Goddard, is an effort to supply a long-felt want in English-speaking countries, where the permanent prescriptions of canon law are replaced by provisional decrees of the Congregation of Propaganda. This little work, with these Decrees as a basis, codifies as far as possible the existing legislation on various ecclesiastical points, such as the election of Bishops, the status of Parish Priests and Missionary Rectors, the attendance at non-Catholic schools, &c.

A useful little summary of the Anglican question has been drawn up by E. H. Francis, entitled *Have Anglicans full Catholic Privileges?* (Washbourne, 1s.) The writer has no difficulty in showing that they have neither the authority which secures unity of faith and peace of soul, nor the grace which comes from the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

In a tastefully-bound book, entitled *The Glories of the Sacred Heart* (Benziger, 4s. net), from the French (or German?) of Father Hausherr, S.J., will be found a veritable library of instruction and devotion. The first part is occupied with the

historical aspect of the question which is set forth mainly in Blessed Margaret Mary's own words, and the rest describes various feasts and pious practices, gives the principal devotions in honour of the Sacred Heart, especially as venerated in the Eucharist, and details concerning the various confraternities devoted to Its worship.

Father de Zulueta, S.J., has already issued a second and revised edition of his *Notes on Daily Communion* (Washbourne) which we noticed in March last. As is usual, many questions have arisen concerning various enactments of the momentous Decree of December, 1905, and have been answered from time to time by the Sacred Congregation. These answers are embodied in this new edition, and make it as complete as could be desired.

In *The Writings of Marie Corelli* (Sands and Co. 6d.) Father Boswin has performed what must have been a weary task. He has given us a digest of Miss Corelli's works, taken chronologically. To do this he has had to read them, and it is on that account that we admire his courage and perseverance. His object in this heroic deed was to be able to advise intending readers of their contents and thus spare them what he had himself endured. Some may think that his labour is to no purpose, that the influence of Miss Corelli, whether viewed as an enemy of Catholicism or under any other aspect, has vanished long ago. But it may be that she still has a vogue in unliterary circles, and this careful analysis will show how ill-founded are her claims to be a teacher.

The true state of affairs on the Congo, *pace* Mr. Morel and his association, is not at all easy to determine. The character of the evidence against the officials there, largely based as it is on the testimony of English Protestant missionaries who are also traders, is not above suspicion. The high-minded humanitarianism of those who hold frequent meetings of protest in England against Belgian barbarities, would be more convincing if they included in their denunciations the atrocities known to be committed by British officials against the aborigines of Western Australia. In brief, the taint of national, religious, and mercantile prejudice infects too much of the agitation against Belgium to make us very credulous about the points of the indictment. Suspension of judgment is made still more prudent by the testimony of Lord Mountmorres and Sir Alfred Jones, the former of whom travelled for eighteen months

in the Congo, and presented a report to the Foreign Office which, to say the least, does not substantiate the wild charges by Mr. Morel and his missionaries, and the latter of whom has raised his voice from time to time in defence of the general excellence of the Belgian administration. No fair-minded person should form an opinion on the subject without reading what the incriminated parties have to say. The opportunity of doing this is afforded by a little threepenny publication, some numbers of which have reached us, entitled *The Truth about the Congo Free State*, published in English at the office of the Federation for the Defence of Belgian Interests Abroad, rue Ravenstein 3, Brussels.

We must content ourselves with the bare mention of a variety of booklets and pamphlets which we have no space to notice at large. *The Altar Server's Manual* (Burns and Oates, 1s. net). *Social Questions and the Duties of Catholics*, by the late C. S. Devas, and *The Condemnation of Pope Honorius*, by Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. (C.T.S., 3d. each). *The School of Death* (Meditations), translated from the Italian by the Rev. George Elson, I.C. (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d. net). *Pourquoi l'on doit être Chrétien?* (Beauchesne, 50 cents), by M. Lepin. *Our Boycotting*, a play, by Lady Gilbert, and *Diana or Christ*, and *Eithne's Love*, by Sister M. Gertrude (Gill and Son, 6d.).

The Apocalypse is for a certain class of minds the most interesting book in the whole Bible, and to readers who are in search of a simple commentary, without display of learning but with the usual orthodox explanations, may be commended *The Apocalypse, the Antichrist and the End*, by J. J. Elar. (Burns and Oates). It is easy to follow, clearly printed, and offers apt quotations from popular works, both historical, astronomical, and physical, upon the contemporary events mentioned by St. John, upon the siege and destruction of Jerusalem, on Antichrist (here explained as Freemasonry), and on the possible ways in which this earth of ours may meet its end. The *Nihil obstat* is given by Father Tatum.

The Christ Face in Art, by the Rev. James Burns (Duckworth, 1907, 6s.), is a notable contribution to the literature of the subject. The author deals with his theme both from the historical and the critical standpoint. He is not a believer in the authenticity of any of the so-called likenesses of Christ. The book is generously and beautifully illustrated with sixty-two reproductions. In a work like this there will always be

omissions which some may regret ; but the general verdict will be one of gratitude to the compiler for what he has given us. We find many well known masterpieces, and others that are not quite so familiar ; for instance, *The Christ* as conceived by Juan Juanes, the original of which hangs in the Gallery at Madrid. Each picture is accompanied by a short account of the artist and an illuminating appreciation of his handiwork as portrayed in the text. Where the general tone is so calm and reverent, it is distressing to find here and there an uncalled-for polemical passage or the intrusion of views that Catholics cannot accept.

Magazines.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLESIASTIQUE. (1907, IV.)

The Eucharist in the Writings of St. Cyril of Alexandria. *J. Mahé*. The Earliest Action of the Holy See in reference to the Immaculate Conception. *P. Doncoeur*. Paul IV. and the Council. *R. Ancel*. Bibliography and Reviews.

REVUE PRATIQUE D'APOLOGÉTIQUE. (Nov. 1 and 15.)

The Infancy of the Church and Catholicism. *P. Batiffol*. The Sixth Chapter of St. John's Gospel and the Abbé Loisy. *M. Lepin*. The Old Testament Prophets. *J. Touzard*. Modernism and Christianity—their Principles and their Spirit. *A. Baudrillart*. The Failure of Catechism. *F. Gellé*. Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (November 5 and 20.)

The Theology of St. Paul. *F. Prat*. The French Mission in Constantinople (1619 — 1640). *H. Fouqueray*. The Religious Crisis of Israel. *P. Bernard*. Catholicism in Madagascar. *P. Suau*. The Encyclical and Modernism. *J. Lebreton*. The English Sunday. *J. Boublé*. India for the Indians. *P. Dahman*. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (1907, IX.)

The Docility of Faith. *J. Bessmer*. Taxing the unearned Increment. *F. Rauterkus*. A valuable Contribution to Population Statistics. *H. Krose*. Two Magazines of Light Literature, the *Gottesminne* and the *Gral*. *A. Stockmann*. Delhi. *J. Dahlmann*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (Nov. 2 and 16.)

Philosophic Modernism. Guyau and his Ethics. Sepulchral Poetry. Franciscan Activity in the East. Recalcitrant Modernists. Gothic Architecture and its Constructive Principles. New Studies in Evolution. The Religious Peril. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (1907, X.)

The Encyclical on Modernism. Pope Callistus and his Edict of Indulgence. *Dr. Esser*. The Jewish Community at Syene in the Fifth Century. *N. Peters*. The Interior Life of Modern Women. *Dr. Müller*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIEENNE. (November 15.)

The Sign of Emmanuel. *G. Beauquier*. Relativism and Ontologism. *S. Créteur*. Bells: their Origin and Baptism. *J. Deligny*. Altar and Sacrifice in the Infancy of the Church. *L. Talmont*. Reviews, &c.

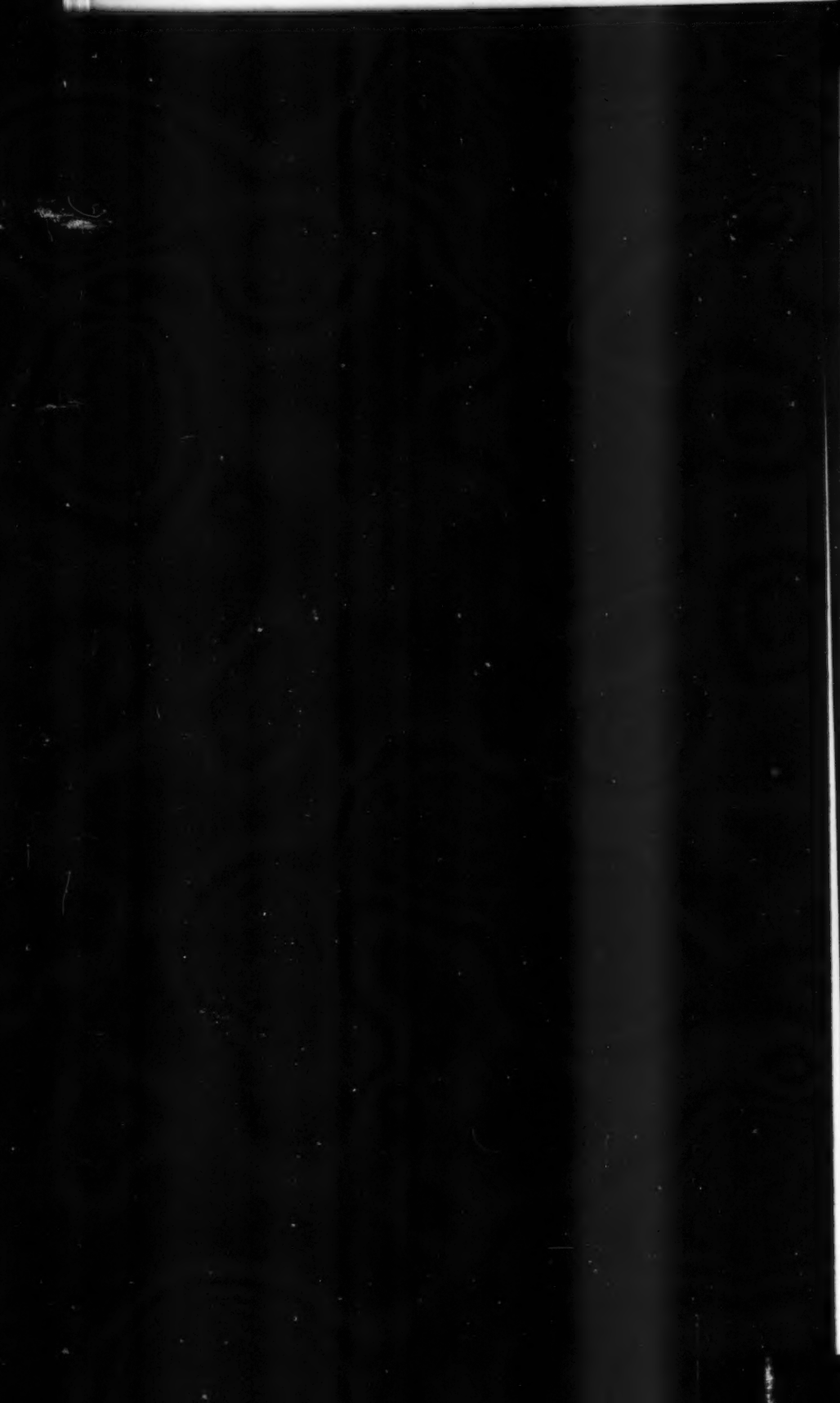
RAZÓN Y FE. (November.)

The Educational Reform. *R. Ruiz Amado*. Spain in the first half of the Eighteenth Century. *E. Portillo*. Can Sensations be Measured? *E. Ugarte de Ercilla*. Music in Madrid. *N. Otaño*. Social Studies. *N. Noguer*. The Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. *M. Sainz*. Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE.

M. Paul Bourget's "Emigré." *Abbé Delfour*. The New Legal Status of the Church in France. *R. du Mangy*. Under the Tyrants. *L. Chodonard*. Fraud and Hygiene. "Dédot." The History of Modern French. *H. Vaganay*. Reviews, &c.





SCRIPTURE MANUALS

FOR

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Edited by the REV. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

ST. MATTHEW. By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.
Crown 8vo, boards, with three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. MARK. By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. Crown 8vo,
boards, with three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. LUKE. By the Rev. J. W. DARBY, O.S.B., and the
Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J. Crown 8vo, boards, with
three Maps, 2s. 6d.

ST. JOHN. By the Rev. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo,
boards, with three Maps, 2s.

ACTS. PART I. (Chapters i.—xvi.) By the Very Rev.
T. A. BURGE, O.S.B. Crown 8vo, boards, with Map,
2s.

ACTS. PART II. (Chapters xiii.—xxviii.) By the Very Rev.
T. A. BURGE, O.S.B. Crown 8vo, boards, with Map,
1s. 6d.

BURNS & OATES, 28, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W.

American • Ecclesiastical • Review

(A Monthly Periodical for the Clergy)

Theology
Pastoralia
Liturgy .

Cum Approbatione Superiorum

Latest Roman Decrees
Reliable Criticisms of
Books



"The AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW . . . in every respect deserves the highest praise. . . ."—*Civiltà Cattolica*, Rome, Italy.

"ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW contains excellent articles, cases of conscience, liturgical questions, etc. The REVIEW will be found suitable to Ireland and England as well as to America."—*The Month*, London, England.

"This splendid REVIEW devoted to ecclesiastical studies."—*Rivista Internazionale*, Rome, Italy.



"The AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, the most varied, perhaps, and most entertaining, and, at the same time, most solidly learned of the periodicals that appeal to priestly readers."—Father Matthew Russell, S.J., in the *Irish Monthly* (Dublin).

"The AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW is one of the most useful periodicals that a priest can purchase; indeed, considering the information given in its pages, it should be found in all priests' libraries."—*Catholic Times*, Liverpool, England.

PLEASE ORDER DIRECT TO ENSURE PROMPT DELIVERY.

Two volumes (12 numbers), 14 shillings a year

Payable only by MONEY ORDER in name of and addressed to

American Ecclesiastical Review

825 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

EDITED BY THE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

Manual of Prayers for Youth.

NEW EDITION.

Cloth, 264 pp. Price 1s. net, post free.

LONDON: CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

